TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I understand that the friends of Mr. W. R. Meredith had in contemplation a banquet or other formal reception of the distinguished lawyer and politician which would mark the pleasure felt by the citizens of Toronto that so eminent a man had taken up his residence here. To this Mr. Meredith objected, primarily that he is not fond of being glorified and paraded, and in the next place that he has not yet left London. He intends spending nearly half his time there, and being a representative of that city he feels it would be unfair for him to accept, as it were, full citizenship in Toronto. I am told that he actually thought of resigning his seat lest it might be held that he, having been elected as a citizen of London, had been unfaithful in becoming to a certain extent a citizen of another locality. This is exactly like the scrupulous and conscientious man who is so much loved in London where everybody knows him, and who will be as greatly beloved in Toronto when he becomes acquainted. Perhaps he is just a trifle too modest for a politician, but that is a fault which is easily forgiven; it is so rare. The people of Ontario have not yet been taught to appreciate the large share Mr. Meredith has had in the useful legislation which has been fathered by the Mowat Government. He has always been ready to support a good measure, no matter who brought it forward, and very frequently party advantage has been abandoned in this way. He is one of the few men who excite in others a feeling of genuine affection. Many times, indeed, his generosity has been abused and his kindness of heart taken advantage of by those who wished to use it without intending to repay in kind.

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The invitation of the Canadian Government to the Australian colonies to send to this country representatives who would be able to negotiate closer trade relations and to make arrangements for cable and steamship communications may have far greater effect on our future than may be understood by those who glance at the surface indication of passing events. The recent episode in which the United States Government has shown itself so completely under the influence of the enemies of the Empire is leading Canadians to consider an alliance to which all of us will be attracted by the traditions of our country, the ties of blood and the material benefits which must accrue if the commercial union of Great Britain and her colonies can be accomplished. Canada produces what Great Britain wants; other portions of the Empire produce those things which we are accustomed to buy abroad, and if it could be so arranged that the products of the colonies might enter Great Britain free of duty while the products of other countries would be met by a protective tariff, the trade would truly follow the flag. If Great Britain had all her colonies as a market for her wares she could not be rivalled by foreign nations and no factory would be idle in the British Isles, while on the other hand, if we were no longer in competition with American beef and wheat, butter and cheese, we would receive larger prices than are now paid and our navy would rise to be second only to that of the Mother Land. When Australasia, India, South Africa and Great Britain form such an alliance, this little world would have created within itself a circuit of trade which would make it independent of the tariffs of other lands. The alliance would be so great, and the interest involved so large, as to prevent combines and trusts which, in a smaller league, might inflict hardship on the consumer. It is to be hoped that the conference between Australia—the governments of which, by the way, all have an opinion of their own and are much more progressive than many Canadians imagine—and Canada, will be the first step in a grand alliance of the children of the mistress of the sea. As Canadians we would feel proud to show our noisy neighbors how thoroughly independent of them we may become, and it would teach them a lesson in manners which may lead them to be more careful in offering affronts to those they imagine cannot resent them. The question whether our manufacturers would submit to such an arrangement would prove to us whether their present outcry against commercial union with the States is patriotic or purely selfish. No doubt they would be in competition with English factories, but if the difference in freight would not be sufficient protection, they will be suspected of wanting too much.

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John Baxter, alderman for St. Patrick's Ward, wears a large hat and an enormous vest, but his conduct in the Court of Revision proves that he is anything but the proper man for the place. The Court of Revision has certainly become "a farce," and if our City Council were not so busy re-organizing other features of our municipal system they should bend their gigantic intellect to the problem of superseding this absurdity. The daily papers are doing good work in pointing out the demoralizing influence and injustice of the judgments delivered in this so-called court. One would imagine that Ald. Baxter is the only man in Toronto who has ability enough to deal with questions of this kind, if they remember the perennial monstrosities in the way of judgments of which he has been guilty. He is a sharp-tongued and experienced alderman, but Toronto has outgrown John Baxter, and the sooner his valuation is reduced the better, and I hereby move that his name be struck off the list.

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The other evening, in the course of conversation regarding Toronto as a proper location for educational institutions, a friend asked me to call public attention to the fact that country parsons and narrow-minded villagers are always arguing that student life in a city of this size cannot be as pure as in small places like Cobourg and Woodstock—these two places having come up as the present situation of denominational institutions. My friend quoted the words of a clergyman who had stated that in his experience very few young men who pass through Toronto temptations come out pure. Of course I understood that he used the word pure in the broadest sense, but I agree with the gentleman who made the suggestion to me, that there is an undue stress placed on the temptations of city life. For my own part, I was born in the country, and was sufficiently itinerant to gain a fair knowledge of the morality of the country people. Since then, as a resident of the city and a newspaper reporter and writer, seeing the most seamy side of life, I am thoroughly of the opinion that the temptations of city life are really not as dangerous as those of a small town. Every country-side has scarlet women and its scandal, every youth has sometime had that awful conjunction of opportunity and temptation which so frequently results disastrously. I have known more city young men who have passed through temptation and yet without sin—of course in the broad sense—than I have country men. I thoroughly believe there is more purity of mind, more power of resistance among those who know the world, and yet have been screened from its most malign influences by a proper education and the refining surroundings of a city, than can be found even in rural hamlets in proportion to population. Seclusion does not bring strength; it often intensifies temptation and brings sudden and overpowering weakness to the tempted. Those who best know how to resist are those who have felt necessity of resistance. Those who are fitting themselves for public life must meet with temptation, and if they are unprepared by education, which is nothing but experience, they are but badly equipped for resistance. Except among the very poor, where a life of honest but unremunerative toil has no charm, brings no hope, and the idle and corrupted rich, but few choose vice rather than virtue. In cities, where public opinion is such a powerful factor in determining the conduct of citizens, right-doing is almost forced upon youth as the first element of success. In country places, where families and individuals can live within themselves, this powerful influence is not so strongly felt. A farmer, for instance, may be profane, drunken and immoral, and yet if he has a little tact he can get along with his neighbors sufficiently well to have them help him at his threshing bees, and outside of that he does not lean on the public for support. The youth in the city who is profane, intemperate or immoral is ostracized; he cannot obtain a position, and is speedily forced to reformation or hopeless criminality. He must make his decision quickly, and the wrecks which we see, and which are pointed to as the results of city life, are those of young men who have made the evil choice. That there are pure and beautiful homes in the country and charming and unsophisticated lives is true, but they are almost entirely found amongst those to whom temptation—and who, perchance, would have been unable to withstand it—has not come. In cities the same beauties and virtues can be found, but in such lives the strength can be found of having overcome. The man or woman who is born a fool, using the word as meaning the man who said in his heart "There is no God," will be a fool unto the end of the chapter, and, worst of all, may be a criminal fool. The country produces the same material, and nothing but early death will save them from the same fate. In this generation we must look for strength in the leaders of men, and those who are educated in the universities and colleges hope to be such; to them we must look for power, courage, experience and withal virtue. It is only out of the fire of temptation that this material can be had. The time for preserving by babying the virtues is past. Only those who have entered the contest and come out winners will receive a laurel wreath in this nineteenth century.

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There is no greater danger to Canada than the divided allegiance of its people. Those of us who cling with tenacity to English traditions cannot blame the descendants of the old French adventurers for holding with equal, if not more fervid love, to the language, religion and laws of their forefathers. Thoughtful people who have heard the dual language in the House of Commons must feel how great a menace it is to our future to be thus unintelligible to one another. An attempt has been made to introduce the two languages into the legislature of the North-west Territory. The address of Lieut.-Governor Royal at the recent meeting of the North-west Legislature was read in French as well as in English for the first time in the history of the Territory. That unpretentious and sensible man, Lord Stanley, has made good use of his time since he came to Canada as our Governor-General; and when the St. Jean Baptiste Society at Ottawa presented him with an address on Tuesday, he took pains to warn them of the danger to which attention has so frequently been called by Canadian writers. In conclusion His Excellency said:

"And now, gentlemen, I venture, without offence, to beg of you, as I have said to many of my compatriots, to take care to look at our affairs from a sufficiently large point of view; and though we may recall with pleasure and with pride our past, although we ought always to keep alive the traditions of our ancestors, let us also look forward to the future of the country. You have referred to me in your address as the friend of the French, and that is true. Here I speak neither to French nor English; I speak to Canadians."

That Lord Stanley has uttered these warning words may, perchance, decrease his popularity with our French-Canadian friends, though he spoke to them in their own tongue, and in their address they referred to him as the "friend of the French." They are peculiarly sensitive on this point, and I hope that English people in this country are sufficiently sensitive regarding the same matter to appreciate the difficulty sufficiently to feel thankful to Lord Stanley for his timely words.

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The Senate of Victoria University has shown itself to be a narrow-minded and small-souled body by its vote on the federation question. Their very action should indicate to the Methodist body generally that they are of too small a variety to take charge of the education of the youth of that denomination. Cobourg ideas are not big enough to fill Canada. The Senate is composed largely of professors of the University and members of the alumni who reside in Cobourg and their selfish preferences should not be regarded. I am surprised that professors, seeing the superior educational advantages the students would have here, with all the privileges of a provincial university, should cast their votes, not against the principle of the general scheme, but against having to move their household chattels to the capital of Ontario and pay a little more house-rent. If there is any fight over this matter Conference will settle it when next it meets, and it will do well, also, to settle some of these petty objectors.

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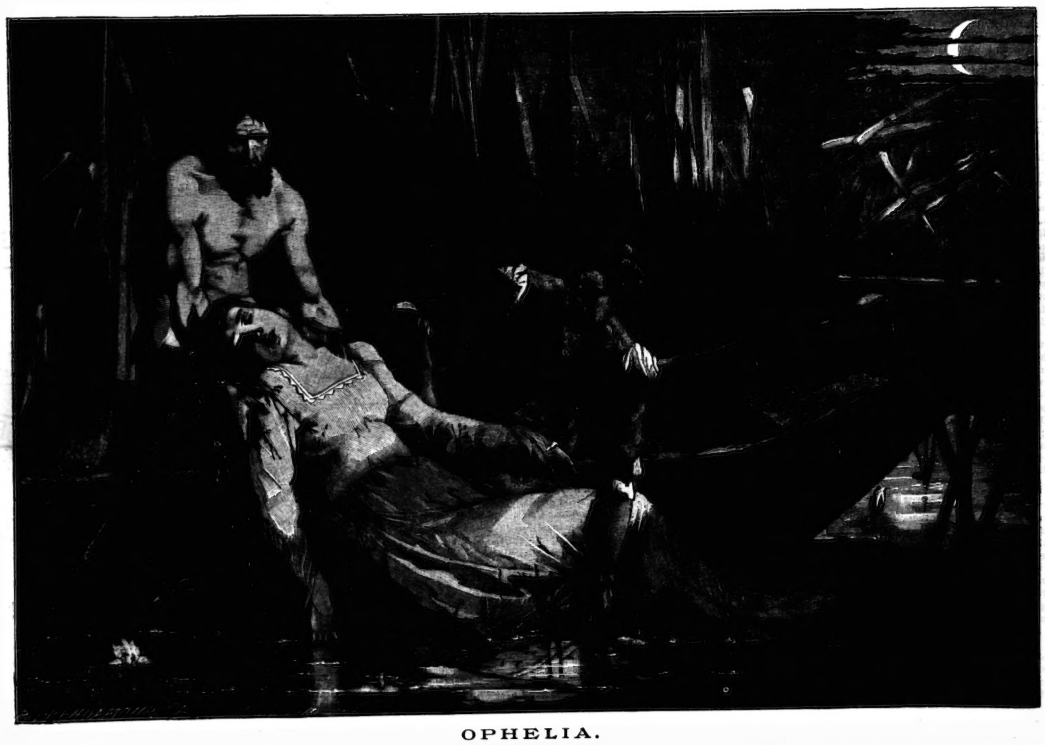
Coming down to my office on Wednesday night I was talking with a friend at the door of a butcher shop. A poor woman was buying her Thanksgiving dinner. Her face was young and, under the battered bonnet, still retained a girlish softness of contour, and there was a sweetness in the eyes and tenderness in the lips which made it especially attractive to me as she stood in the bright gas-light looking a piece of boiling meat for which the butcher asked her 11 cents. I was not near enough to see exactly what it was, but I imagine from the shape of it that it was a "shank" down nearly far enough to be called "shin." She was examining the texture of the meat and her hands were rough, cracked and hard as a piece of weather beaten leather and as red as lobsters. Her old black dress was faded and soiled and ragged around the bottom of the skirt. Her shoulders were protected by something that in my grandmother's time would have been called a tippet. It was evidently made from the same material as her dress, but it had no doubt been a waist until it had been "made over," and the reason for this change in the location of the material was evident from an alteration in the poor woman's figure. The place of the departed waist was occupied by an ill-fitting jersey which had probably been given her by some people for whom she worked. I reckon she was "nothing but a washerwoman." What she had once been, no one can tell, though I heard her speak of her husband and the children and confess to the butcher that she had only eight cents left, so she wanted to know if he could not cut the piece of meat. I am not much given to generosity but I was willing to volunteer the difference when he said in a gruff sort of way, "That's all right," and I saw him wrap up a handful of sausage in the parcel. Then she went away and I confess that a part of my appetite for my Thanksgiving dinner went away with her. How many of those poor women, worse than widows, have to wash and scrub all day for people who grudge them their dollar and yet themselves sit down on Thanksgiving day to a repast which cost a hundred times what the poor over-burdened creature paid for the scrap of meat. The washerwoman, poor thing, has a hard trip. Very frequently she works for people who keep no servant and are not accustomed to be liberal or considerate to their help. To see a poor thing drudged to death, to be the witness of such burdens as they bear is enough to sadden one, and yet the world is full of such misery. But even the brightest lives have chapters of grief and long, long stories of sorrows; and perhaps I would not have sympathized so keenly in her case had it not been coupled with beauty of face, which was more pathetic in its gentle resignation than clamorous misery would have been amidst wailings and streams of tears.

DON.



OPHELIA.

A man living in a western town says his was the only house intact after a recent cyclone, and attributes his good luck to the fact that it had a heavy mortgage.

Over the Way.

"The senseless flowers, that do not care
About that loosened strand of hair,
As gently as she bends to them."
T. B. ALDRICH.

BEHIND the lace I see her face,
And form of slender, maiden grace,
Bodiced in blue to match the hue
Of eyes that thrill me through and through—
Ah! the perfection that I trace!

Across her face the smiles that chase
Sadness away, make bright the place
Unto my view. What! blushes, too,
Behind the lace?

She goes; I trace her lightsome pace
An instant into shadowy space—
Gods! if I knew just what to do
To win the heart that is so true
To those zephyrs in the vase
Behind the lace!

C. H. LUGRIN, in *Puck*.

Society.

The twelfth annual dinner of the Trinity Medical College students last Tuesday was a distinctly successful affair. I don't know that I ever saw more diners in the large room of the Queen's at any public dinner I have attended there. The northern end of the room was handsomely decorated with flags of various nationalities, and presented a most attractive appearance to the two hundred diners present. Yes, the dinner was a great success. From the moment when Mr. H. Chapple asked the Rector of All Saints to offer grace before meat until the National Anthem rounded up a most pleasant evening, there wasn't a single hitch in the whole proceedings.

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The medical students have been pretty well dissected in the columns of the papers during the past two weeks in reference to a certain case before the courts, regarding which I have nothing to say at present. But I can and do say that a more admirable display of good taste and propriety of deportment at a public dinner of young men I have never seen than that shown by the students on Tuesday night. As a matter of fact the whole affair was managed most skilfully, and order and genuine enjoyment was the watchword of the night amongst those who might well have been pardoned had they given a looser run to the natural exuberance of youth.

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The chairman, Mr. H. Chapple, was supported on his right by the Dean of the Faculty, Dr. Geikie, the Rev. John Langtry, Mr. E. E. Clarke, Mr. Walter S. Lee, Mr. P. Hughes, and the Rev. Dr. Stafford, whilst on his left, in the order mentioned, were the Hon. G. W. Allan, G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., Colonel G. T. Denison, Dr. Gilmour, M.P.P., and Dr. Wilmott, and scattered about the room were the Revs. A. Macmurchy, A. H. Baldwin, G. M. Milligan, Drs. Davison, Stark (Hamilton), MacFarlane, Powell, Covernton, Graham, F. Le M. Grasett, Sheard, Teskey, Bingham, Robertson, Harris, O'Reilly, Temple, Stuart, Bray of Chatham, Graham, Elliott, Ardagh, Cowan, and Langford, Mr. A. Marling, Profs. Kirkland and Shuttleworth; Mr. McClellan represented McGill Medical College; Mr. S. F. Houston, Trinity University; Mr. Risk, the Dental College, and Mr. Harkness, the Royal Medical College.

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Before going further I think it is quite in order to mention the names on the committee whose efforts so materially assisted in the success of last Tuesday night. I hope I have left none unmentioned when I give their names as follows: H. Chapple, chairman; George Hargreaves, 1st vice; D. B. Bentley, 2nd vice; W. M. Robertson, 3rd; H. Mason, toaster; H. T. Cummings, secretary; and W. A. Dixon, Drs. Grasett, Temple and Sheard; J. Bryce Mundie, E. F. Bowie, T. S. Farncombe, J. S. Hicks, W. T. Awtry and A. M. Cleghorn.

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As to the dinner itself I must leave all description of it to the imagination of the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, and simply content myself with saying that the managers of the Queen's left nothing to be desired in their efforts on that score. With the opening of the toast list, an evening, admirably begun, was carried to an enjoyable conclusion, and I think that in selecting Mr. Chapple as the chairman of the evening, the students had no reason to regret the choice they had made.

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Dr. Geikie evidently had his best frills on in his response to the toast of Our Faculty, and laid down the ethics of medicine in a manner that was calculated to make the average med. imagine the profession he had chosen was altogether way up in G, and the moment Dr. Geikie had sought that retirement which a dining-room chair affords a volunteer toast was given—The Army, Navy, and Auxiliary Forces, bringing the loyal Denison—G. T. of that ilk—to his patriotic feet. But the gallant commander of the Body Guards had left the spurs and sabre of after-dinner rhetoric at home, and those who expected to see him breathing fire and slaughter against the traitors in our midst, were doomed to disappointment. No! the Colonel had enjoyed a good dinner, was in good company, and a child might have played with him. Peace on earth—good will toward men was the burden of his remarks, and all this having the distinct charm of novelty was highly enjoyed by all present.

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Mr. Walter S. Lee and Mr. P. Hughes, as the trustees of the hospital, gave a few pointers on that estimable institution, after which Dr. O'Reilly, for an altogether too brief quarter of an hour, wore the white flower of a spotless response to the hospital toast, and, when he ascribed the blame, usually attached by an undiscriminating public to the meds, as wholly resulting from the unavoidable association of the latter with degraded divinity students, the head of the hospital scored a tumultuous success.

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In proposing the Undergraduates, the member for Center Toronto handled the gloves of after dinner oratory in a style which delighted his audience, and vividly brought to my memory the recollection of a pleasant after dinner affair we enjoyed together whilst crossing the Atlantic with that prince of good fellows, Nicholas Flood Davin, the member for Regina.

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Just about this period some very pretty crossfiring took place between the church and the faculty. Dr. Gilmour opened the ball with the remark that the parsons preached whilst the doctors practiced. But the church was on deck, and a still small voice in the neighborhood of the Rev. Arthur Baldwin immediately retorted that "the doctors killed their patients whilst the parsons had to bury 'em."

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The step-sister toasts of the Graduates and Undergraduates of Trinity smashed to atoms the pride I had hitherto felt in the glory of my own *Alma Mater*, for I learned, alas for my previous ideas, that Trinity is undoubtedly *facile princeps* in the race for academic distinction. When the learned professions became the subject of discussion I pricked up my ears, as quite a number of big guns in the church had been present. I use the words "had been" advisedly, for when they were called on it was found that three or four of the said guns had *gone off* home, leaving the Revs. Langtry, Baldwin and Stafford to support the honor of the cloth. I am sorry that I did not hear the first and last of these gentlemen, but the Reverend Arthur Baldwin took up the running and quickened the pace in good style. Of course he told a story, and equally of course it was a good one, for the witty rector of All Saints' never passes a corner or looks into a shop window without picking up the latest narrative going.

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Dr. Sheard, in reply to repeated calls, delivered a rattling good speech, one of the best of the evening, and Mr. Houston upheld the reputation of Trinity College in a neat little address, which was most cordially received, as were the representatives of many sister institutions. And here is where I think the committee made its only mistake—there were too many replies to the various toasts. Courtesy to outsiders does not require it, and for the future, I say, fewer replies to toasts, gentlemen of the committee.

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It is not to be supposed, however, that speeches only was the order of the night. Not by any means. The musical committee had spared no pains to make their share in the dinner a valuable auxiliary to the rest of the entertainment, which efforts resulted most successfully. A capital chorus was rendered by the Glee Club, with Mr. J. Bryce Mundie as leader. Mr. Mundie also gave an admirable rendering of "Tell Her I Love Her So," for which he was most deservedly encored. He was accompanied by Mr. H. D. Quarry, who presided at the piano during the evening. A cornet solo was another pleasant feature, and received a hearty encore.

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And then when the toast of the press had been honored, and that of the ladies proposed in a most appropriate manner, the singing of the national anthem brought to a close the twelfth and most successful dinner of the Toronto medical students.

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Lady Macpherson's "Tuesdays" always see many of society at Chestnut Park. On Tuesday of last week, being the last Tuesday before the departure of Sir David and Lady Macpherson, even more people than usual came to wish these most popular leaders of society good-bye. Mrs. Brown-Potter, who had attended a large luncheon given in her honor by Mrs. Nordheimer at Glen Edith, was one of Lady Macpherson's visitors, and it was universally agreed that she looked even better in a drawing-room than on the stage.

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On Sunday afternoon there was again a numerous gathering of more intimate friends at Chestnut Park, and on Monday the Park gates closed for the last time for six months on their master and mistress, and amidst the regrets of all who know them, Sir David and Lady Macpherson left for New York, thence to sail by the French line of steamships via Havre to Paris, and afterwards to proceed to San Remo and Hamburg.

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On Thursday last, Thanksgiving Day, fashionable people had plenty to do. More than one large riding-party left town in the morning to view a portion of the fierce battle that raged in the west. Many people drove out for the same purpose; there was a large tea at Carbrooke, Mrs. Campbell's house in the Park, which promised to prove as enjoyable as that lady's similar entertainment on the same day last year; while in the evening there were dinner parties without end. Everybody who was not expecting guests seemed to be dining somewhere else than at home.

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It is the fashion to inveigh against afternoon teas and afternoon At Homes, but it is also the fashion to hold them and to attend them. That the latter is the case Mrs. Edward Jones' large At Home last Saturday was one more ample proof, for the numbers who attended it included almost all those who call themselves and who are called fashionable people. Society, in fact, in the generally accepted sense of the term, assembled on Church street almost *en masse*. Mrs. Jones and Miss Jones understand exactly how this kind of thing should be done. People know that at the house of these ladies they will find a sufficiency of light without a glare, to give one instance of good management only, and most important of all they know that they will meet just those whom they want to meet, and so few others that there will be no crowd and they will not be jostled and trampled upon, as they sometimes are. Mrs. Jones' At Homes are therefore very popular, and last Saturday's was no exception to the rule. Mrs. Torrance, Miss Robinson, Miss Morgan were amongst the fair songstresses who were present, but there was no music. On this occasion it was not felt to be required, for the guests were distributed throughout four or five different rooms, not herded in one large chamber, and there was an unusual liveliness of talk that a singer would have found it hard to stem. Mr. Grant Stewart I also noticed, and heard some regrets that he was present only in his private and not his professional capacity. Others whom I observed, probably not a fourth of the total number, were Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Beckett, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Miss Heward, Mrs. Bain, Miss Louise Burton, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, the Misses Ford Jones, the Misses Strachan, Mr. Hollyer, Mr. Fox, Captain and Mrs. Grant, the Misses Morgan, Mr. Yarker, Mr. Edin Heward, Miss Clarkson Jones, Mr. Shanly, Mr. Frank Darling, Professor and Mrs. Hutton, Miss Smith, Mrs. Wragge, the Misses Wragge, Mr. Burton, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. John Morrow, Miss Small, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins.

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I don't think there has been a dance this autumn to and from which I have not driven in a downpour of rain. On Thursday of last week the weather outdid the worst of its previous bad efforts and if the elements could keep people away from a ball, Mrs. Ferguson's house would have been empty. Such, however, was fortunately not the case, and the spacious Sherbourne street mansion was full without being too much so.

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Mr. Corlett's band—his usual number of players, strengthened by two or three additional musicians—was good as ever. In writing of this band two weeks ago, a remark of mine that I should have liked to hear a few more new valses was printed with the omission of the important word *new*. Since, I wrote, however, Mr. Corlett has added one or two good valse tunes to his repertoire. His new Lancers, a medley of very ancient students' songs, etc., I must condemn. I prefer even the Mikado, but surely plenty of more recent operas must have been turned into Lancers. Such airs as the one to "Oh, who will Smoke my Meerschaum Pipe," are terribly *passe*. As regards Mrs. Ferguson's floor, there was a fault, a most unusual one and on the right side, but still a fault. Nothing is so bad as a floor not quite slippery enough; weariness before the evening is half over and aching feet the next day have often borne witness to this. The delicious glide of the sensuous, intoxicating valse, danced as the king of dances should be danced, without ever lifting the feet, can be done almost on ice; but the polka on such a surface is a difficult, perhaps dangerous, exercise. It is, therefore, possible to have one's floor too slippery, better so than not slippery enough, but there is a medium which is better than either. One feature of this most successful ball, one that delighted everybody, was the number of comfortable seats in so many places where, if one did not wish to dance, one could sit out. Even between the dances, when everybody had left the ballroom, there was a resting-place somewhere for all. If heated, one could sit in long verandahs, curtain-hung and fitted with many a sofa and luxurious chair; if afraid of catching cold, there were numerous rooms upstairs, wide staircases, passages and halls.

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The main feature of that important point, the *personnel* of the guests, was the very large preponderance of the male sex. They must have numbered half as many again as the ladies, and though a large majority on their side is always desirable, this was, perhaps, a little too much of a good thing. I fancy the villainous weather must have kept a good many ladies away, while very few men appear to have been deterred by it. The bar and those who aspire to it were largely represented, and there was a considerable contingent of students from Trinity.

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Miss Ferguson, the fair debutante in whose honor the affair was held, wore the court-dress in which she was presented at last year's Drawing-room, minus, of course, the train.

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Amongst the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, the Misses Wragge, Mrs. Bain, Miss Small, the Misses Morgan, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. Fleury, Miss Biggar of Belleville, Mr. Perran of Newmarket, the Misses Todd, Miss Macdonald, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mr. Bruce of Hamilton, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. Broughall, Judge and Mrs. Patterson, Miss Patterson, Mr. J. Patterson, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. Newbigging, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Street, Miss Michie, Miss Skeaff, Mr. and Mrs. F. Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Brown, Rev. and Mrs. Street Macklem, Miss Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. McLean Howard, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Miss Ridout, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, Judge and Mrs. Morgan, the Misses Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Strachan, the Misses Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. T. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hodgins, Dr. and Mrs. Snelling, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Robertson, Miss Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Wragge, the Misses Wragge, Sir Thos. and Lady Galt, the Misses Galt, Mrs. Bain, Col. and Mrs. Mulligan, Mr. W. Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Hilton, Hon. Frank and Mrs. Smith, Miss Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Aikins, Mr. and Mrs. Lightbourne, Mr. J. Donaldson, Miss Donaldson, Judge and Mrs. McDougall, Dr. Thomas Covernton, Mr. Wallace Jones, Dr. D. Jones, Mr. M. C. Pringle, Mr. Carpmael, Mr. C. B. Reid, Mr. T. G. S. Saunders, Mr. D. W. Saunders, Mr. Garrett, Mr. Roberts, Mr. R. Robinson, Mr. Gerrard, Mr. A. Cassels, Mr. G. Ross, Mr. Paget, Mr. W. Fleury, Mr. Alf. Jones, Mr. C. Loewen, Mr. T. Lightbourne, Mr. S. Morrison, Mrs. Mackellar, the Misses Mackellar, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Macmahon, Mr. and Mrs. Holmestead, Mr. Justice Armour and Mrs. Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Sankey, Mr. and Mrs. O. Macklem, Miss Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. V. B. 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*

On Monday last Mr. Gamble Geddes gave a dinner party at his house on Classic place, which included all the ladies and gentlemen who took place in the deer-shooting expedition from Edinswold, Orillia, and of which he was a fortunate member.

*

Miss Biggar of Belleville, who has spent the last two or three years in Germany, where she has been "finishing" her education, is the guest of her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hodgins on Bloor street.

*

Mrs. Edward Jones was not the only hostess

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART.

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

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CHAPTER XI

DISCLOSES ONE OF MR. KILLICK'S "SCHEMES."

"Say, Killick, don't you think it would be better if we had a masculine bookkeeper? Miss Burnham is all right, but a man could do her work better and be more useful in the office generally."

Tully had strolled into his partner's private office ostensibly on some other business, but with the fixed idea of having Miss Burham discharged. He was afraid since their quarrel she would ally herself with Mr. Killick and prove a dangerous an enemy, as she had been valuable as a confederate. Moreover, he proposed to make her dismissal a test question. If Killick appeared resolved to retain her he would know an alliance between him and Miss Burnham had already been effected, and that Killick had determined to carry matters with a high hand. In thinking the matter over he was forced to the conclusion that if Killick resisted her dismissal she would have to stay, and he was determined on adopting a new course of action under those circumstances which would enable him to largely retain the business of the old firm under his own management. While weighing in his mind the different courses open to him, he felt galled to find himself absolutely in his partner's power, but the comforting thought came to him that Killick at least would not assist Cora to force him into a marriage.

While Tully was speaking Mr. Killick concluded a letter, signed it, enclosed it in an envelope, addressed it, marked it "private," rang his bell and had it taken to the postoffice, before answering.

"Excuse me, Tully, I just had time to catch the mail with that letter. What was the suggestion you were making about getting another bookkeeper? Do you think we need two?"

"No, I wasn't proposing to engage another, but I think it would be a good idea to let Miss Burnham go and get a man to do her work."

"O, just as you like, Tully. Don't you think it would be hard to get a man who understands bookkeeping, shorthand and typewriting, and able to do her work for the same money?"

"No, I don't think it would. Bookkeepers and stenographers are plenty as blackberries."

The old man, while concluding his letter, had planned his campaign carefully, and was determined to offer no opposition to Tully's scheme. "Well, advertise for one, and see what we can do. We ought to have a responsible man, first-class recommendations, and all that sort of thing, if we are to let him handle our cash. Perhaps we had better turn the money over to Dooley."

Killick was well-informed of Tully's conduct toward his head clerk, and knew that he feared him, and would not feel at all disposed to put him in charge of the cash.

"We had better get a good man. Dooley's got enough to do now," answered Tully quickly. "To whom will I have the responses addressed?"

"To yourself, Tully. Pick out two or three of the best ones and we will decide which one to take."

Killick's ready compliance with his suggestion pleased Tully immensely. It gave him greater confidence in his partner and at the same time he saw his opportunity of finally disposing of Cora. "That settles her hash. She and her mother will have to step low from this time out," he chuckled as he re-entered his room. Half an hour later John Stryde called upon him to say he had received a note from the firm that thirty thousand dollars of the trust funds of Miss Browning's estate had fallen due and would need re-investment.

"Have you any suggestion as to where we should invest it," inquired Tully.

"No, not in particular, but I had an application this morning from Col. Moore for a loan of the same amount on his property. If he is otherwise unembarrassed, it might be well to let him have it. The land he offers in security is worth at least three or four times the amount he wants to borrow."

"I wonder what he wants money for! He is a careful, close-fisted beggar. I never heard of him owing a cent to anybody. What interest does he offer?"

"Six per cent. It is a good rate for so large a sum. What do you think of it?" inquired Stryde.

"I will look into the matter if you say so, Stryde. I don't think we could put the money in a safer place. How long does he want it?"

"Five years. The interest and the time are both satisfactory, but somehow he impressed me as concealing something, and acted in just such a way as would have kept me from lending him our bank funds even on gilt-edged notes. But then I must have been wrong, and we can be taking no chances if his title is all right and his property unencumbered. Make the search yourself, will you, Tully?"

"Yes, I will see it is properly attended to. Our man Dooley is one of the sharpest real estate lawyers in the city, and I will go over the thing myself as well."

. . . . . .

On the previous evening about the hour when Stephen Tully was visiting the Burnhams, a small and dapper man groped through the darkness of the hall-way leading to Mr. Killick's office, and tapped on the door of the private room.

"Ah, Colonel, glad to see you," exclaimed Killick cordially. "Sit down a minute till I lock the outside door." The dapper little man was middle aged, slightly bald, had a small, black mustache fiercely waxed, and affected a very imperious manner. Mr. Killick re-entered the room carefully closing the door behind him and rubbing his hands as if in excess of good nature. The colonel demanded the reason of the imperative summons he had received to make a call on Mr. Killick at such an unseasonable hour.

"Very private business, Colonel, very private: very urgent, very urgent business, indeed, Colonel! I have another room in here," exclaimed Killick, opening the vault door and leading the way. "I always use it when I desire to avoid any possibility of being overheard."

Col. Moore entered rather reluctantly and viewed the handsome interior with considerable surprise.

"I can't understand your air of mystery, Mr. Killick," said he. "Be good enough to explain without any further preliminaries."

Killick dropped into a chair, assumed his favorite attitude of throwing his head back and gazing at the ceiling, while he united his finger tips in a little pyramid in front of him.

"You see, Colonel, I happen to know something about the title of the estate left by your father."

Long pause.

"Well," snapped the colonel, interrogatively.

"Well," resumed Killick, slowly, "your title to that valuable property isn't worth a straw."

"What is that you say?" gasped the little dandy, springing to his feet.

"I say," returned Killick, still studying the ceiling, "that your title to that property isn't worth a straw."

"You must be crazy, man," cried Col. Moore, excitedly. "It was in my father's possession for fifty years."

"Yes, that is true, but your father only had a life interest in it," answered Killick, drawing in his chin and turning the steady gaze of his meaty eyes on the pallid face of his excited listener.

"You don't know what you are talking about, Killick," roared the colonel. "My grandfather left it to my father by will. There has never been the slightest dispute about the title."

"No, there hasn't been the slightest dispute, my friend, but there is going to be a dispute of very large dimensions, right off, unless you and I make some little arrangement to-night. If you will keep quiet for about five minutes, I'll tell you just where you are and what you'll have to do. Suppose we take a little something to drink before we begin." With most effusive hospitality, Mr. Killick busied himself with decanter and glasses, and after taking a liberal potion he placed the brandy bottle within easy reach of his hand and began his recital.

"Your grandfather died in January, 1834, and in his will he left all his property, including the farm, which was then a mile from the business portion of the city, but which is now almost in the heart of the residence district of Toronto, to his second son George William Moore. Left it to his *second* son George William Moore, mark my words, to his *second* son George William Moore—no mention of his heirs or assigns—"

"—But that is understood isn't it," interrupted the little colonel.

"Nothing is understood, my dear Colonel, in law. If a thing isn't in a will or a deed it is supposed to have been intentionally left out. So much was that the case and so little was it understood that a bequest only became the property of the one to whom it was made and his heirs or assigns, unless the indenture so specified, and so much litigation was caused thereby that in March, 1834, the law was changed and every gift left to any person named became a portion of the estate of his heirs or assigns, even if no such stipulation were made in the will. But you must observe, my dear Colonel, that the law was changed after your grandfather's will was made and his last testament consequently comes under the old rule. By the way, here is the statute made and provided. Look for yourself."

The gloved hands of the colonel trembled as he grasped the volume and endeavored to realize the meaning of the words which seemed to dance before his eyes. Looking up he asked weakly, "How do you know that the will made no mention of the heirs?"

"I have plenty of proof, Colonel, quite plenty! abundance! Don't think I would have sent for you unless I knew what I was about."

"How is it no one else discovered it in all these years? Transfers of portions of the property have been frequently made," exclaimed the colonel, assuming a more defiant tone.

Killick still lay back in his chair seldom diverting his gaze from the ceiling. "That point was very well taken, Colonel, but you see I am a lawyer, and I had thought of that before. Strange, isn't it, that we should get in the habit of looking out these weak places in advance! I have noticed the same tendency which you display in a great many of my clients. They are always afraid we haven't thought of everything, and imagine they can make very valuable suggestions," continued Killick with a wave of his hand. "They do sometimes present some very good points."

"That is no answer to my question. How do you account the discovery not having been made by the many lawyers, who, like yourself, are so clever in anticipating weak points and detecting flaws?"

"Read, Colonel, you have a very logical mind. Bring my own argument to bear in answering me! Ha, ha! very good," cried Killick gleefully rubbing his hands together.

"However, I can explain this discrepancy by the fact that the will to which I refer was never registered; it happened to be a very long one, and at the time of which I speak it was not always customary to make a complete copy of the will in the books of the registry office, but summaries called memorials, were made—a sort of a digest of the will you know—and registered. Very frequently the lawyer who had the will in charge did his work imperfectly, causing no end of trouble and litigation, and then again, other lawyers did their work too well and registered in the memorial what did not exist in the will. Your case would come under the latter heading. Your father happening to be a lawyer, discovered the omission, or at least his partner did, and in making out the memorial the words were inserted which were so fatally absent from the original document. Registrars did not invariably hold it to be their duty to compare the memorials with the original will. In this case the registrar accepted the affidavit of the lawyer and the memorial was registered. But my dear boy, the original will was not destroyed," whispered Killick, exultingly and with a triumphant poke of his finger towards his thoroughly frightened auditor. "Your father's partner retained the deed, thinking that some day it might be useful to him, and I might tell you that by some curious circumstances the identical document came at last into my possession. Now then, what do you think of it?"

Colonel Moore was speechless. Great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead; the carefully gloved hands were knit tightly together over the law book which still rested on his trembling knees.

"What—what—what do you intend to do?" he gasped.

"Unless you agree to my terms, I intend to produce several of your grandfather's heirs who will divide up the very valuable estate with you," answered Killick, still gazing at the ceiling; "in fact, they will take the entire property from you, on account of the fact that you are the issue of the second son and the law of primo-geniture was in force at the time the will was made—that of course would give your holdings to the heirs of the eldest son of your grandfather."

"What are the terms?" inquired the colonel feebly, the blood rushing into his face. "Nothing dishonorable, I hope?"

"Oh, no, not at all. I would neither suggest nor agree to anything dishonorable. No, no, *no sir*. The intention of the will was, no doubt, to leave the property to your father, his heirs and assigns, and it would not be dishonorable to suppress the will."

"That is exactly the view I take of it, Mr. Killick," echoed the colonel, with returning vivacity.

"Of course," continued Killick, placing the tips of his fingers together and closely observing the center piece on the ceiling; "the chance of my having discovered the will should be valuable to me, and I will have to be paid for my trouble."

"Of course, of course," cried Moore. "You certainly ought, and I am the last man to refuse to do what is right."

"I am glad to see you meet me half way, Colonel. I know you have the reputation of being what my grandfather used to call 'tuan,' very close-fisted, you know. Of course the report may do you an injustice, but I was afraid you might be a little bit rebellious. I happen to need thirty thousand dollars to-morrow, and that is why I sent for you in such haste to-night. I think that my little find ought to be worth that to me. How does it strike you?"

"Thirty thousand dollars," gasped the colonel. "Why, man, you monstrous—"

"Well, it does seem a little high, doesn't it? Just a little trifle dear now, doesn't it, Colonel. At the risk of blush I confess that it would strike me as being almost exorbitant, but then the property is worth from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—easy—and increasing in value every day. You are in peaceable possession and have been for, let me see, pretty nearly a month since your father died isn't it, Moore?"

"Just three weeks," answered the colonel, dejectedly.

"Three weeks, just three weeks to-day, and I think you would rather pay thirty thousand dollars than have the estate eaten up by a law suit, and eventually taken from you."

"Yes, but I haven't got the money, Killick. Where in God's name could I raise such a sum?"

"Well now, with the foresight which I credited myself with at the beginning of this interview, I made the arrangements for the loan. I know just where you can go and get it to morrow morning. If you follow my instructions you can borrow it on a mortgage on the property which, between you and me, isn't really yours. It is better, isn't it, Colonel, to encumber the property a little than to lose it?" inquired Killick, leaning forward and bringing his villainous eyes to a level with Moore's face.

"I suppose it is," answered Moore sulkily, "but I will have to see the will before I give up that much money."

"Well, my dear boy, that is nothing but fair. Here it is," answered Killick, smilingly, drawing a revolver and a yellow parchment from the drawer. "You are at liberty to glance over it, but don't move it from the table."

Killick seemed to be curiously examining the fire-arm while his unwilling client scrutinized the will.

"You find it as I stated, don't you, Colonel?"

"Yes," assented the little man, tremulously.

"Well," continued Killick, "to-morrow morning at ten o'clock apply to John Stryde, one of the executors, and an hour later to Mr. Tully, my partner. They have some trust funds in hand which will need investment. Offer him a mortgage on your entire property at six per cent. for five years, and he will lend you thirty thousand dollars, which I will expect you to immediately transfer to me. My firm has taken the precaution to notify Mr. Stryde that the investment has expired and the money will need re-investment. Do not fail to see Mr. Tully as I tell you, and of course as we will make the search into the title, it will be passed all right."

"And when you get the money you give me the old will of course."

"Certainly, certainly," cried Killick, effusively. "Good-bye, old man, you've done a good stroke of business for yourself to-night."

. . . . . .

So it came to pass that Mr. Stryde and Mr. Tully were in consultation, and at the opportune moment Col. Moore applied for the loan and obtained it.

(To be Continued.)

Ladies' Restaurants.

It is becoming more popular every year for ladies to lunch at cafes. Thomas' English Chop House is the favorite place in Toronto and is largely patronized by ladies and theatre parties. It is strictly first-class; ladies' entrance, reception and dressing rooms.

Wocful Beggars in Shanghai.

One class that is constantly met with at Shanghai is the beggars; they swarm in the streets, and use every effort to extort money. I saw one man with a knife in his hand, the blood flowing from many a wound he had inflicted when denied alms at a shop. Sometimes a troop, stretched flat on their faces, completely obstruct some public way, crying at the top of their voices. But the most revolting is where a man takes another with some horrible disease on his back and would enter a shop or house, if not bought off. I saw one coming, and fled, when suddenly at the other end of the street a drove of pigs appeared, so I was fairly caught, and threw away a handful of coppers to make my escape. In Canton there are regular guilds where beggars are looked after. Passing through the streets there I noticed men standing with bowls of rice, giving a handful to each mendicant as they passed. Asking the cause of this, I found that different shops had days in which they distributed certain things, provided they were not troubled at other times. In this way the nuisance was abated.

A Flowery Name.

Colored Parson (about to baptize the child)—Name this infant.

Jim Webster (scratching his head for a while) Squash.

Parson—Dat's no proper name for a Christian child.

Jim—Sunflower, den.

Once more the clergyman shook his head incredulously. Jim Webster leaned over and whispered to his wife to give the right name.

Wife—Hyacinth.

Jim—Well, I knowed it was some kinder garden truck.

Philosophy in Yellow Fever Times.

A doctor who was strolling through the woods near Jacksonville, Fla., came upon a negro who was sitting upon the fence.

"You seem to be happy, old man," said he.

"Well, sah, I ain't got nothin' ter 'plain erbout."

"Do you know that yellow fever is raging all about you?"

"Ought to know it, sah, when I dun buried my wife yestidy."

"Then how can you sit around here and sing?"

"Dis yere is God's worl, ain't it?"

"I suppose so."

"An' I b'longs ter God, doan' I?"

"Yes."

"Well, ef de Lawd puts it in my heart to sing I doan' see why I oughter keep my mouf shet."

"Are you afraid of taking the fever?"

"What's de use bein' erfraid? Ef de Lawd wants me to take it, I will, an' ef he doan', I ain't, dat's all; an', sides dat, I ain't gwine ter take it no quicker ef I sings. I low if you go 'roun' dat town now you'll fin' mos' o' de folks whut's got de feeber didn't sing er tail."

"I don't see," said the amused physician, "how you can feel disposed to sing when your wife was buried only yesterday."

"No, sah, 'caze you didn't know dat lady like I did."

"Didn't you get along well together?"

"Didn't get er long tergeder es well ez we did erpart, sah."

Little Mary's Secret.

A resident of Peterboro street who has a little three-year-old daughter named Mary was sitting in his library after dinner, when the little one climbed on his knee.

"Papa does oo love me?" she asked very sweetly.

"Yes, pet, very much indeed," was the hearty response.

"Does oo love me a whole houseful?"

Being assured of this, little Mary became very demonstrative, and her father felt that her face and arms were dripping wet.

"Halloo!" he exclaimed, "been in mischief, Mary?"

"Papa," asked Mary insinuatingly, "can oo keep a secret?"

The father assured her that he could, whereupon she whispered to him.

"Me spilled finger-bowl at dinner—me most dwon'd; don' oo tell mamma 'cause sometimes she's just horrid."

The Acme of Bliss.

Fashionable young belle—"So you love me, do you?"

Wealthy middle-aged bachelor (passionately)—"Indeed I do. I am ready to be your slave."

"Will you take me to Europe?"

"Assuredly! You shall live in Venice."

"Oh, never mind Venice."

"You shall have a villa in Padua and a box at Boulogne."

"But I don't care for that."

"Well, what do you want?"

"If you could arrange to have the Prince of Wales invite me to lunch so that I could refuse to go, I think I could die happy."

A New Appliance.

For the encouragement of conversation in those very high dog-carts.—*Time.*

French Fun.

A man very much excited burst into M. Pasteur's laboratory the other day.

"Oh, Doctor," he cried, "I have been bitten!"

"By a dog?" asked Pasteur.

"No; worse than that."

"By a cat?"

"A kind of cat. But oh, doctor, can you cure me?"

"It was a wolf, then."

"Not a wolf, but much worse. It was my mother-in-law!"

"In that case," said Pasteur, turning to his work, "nothing can be done."

With an Accent.

Foreigners generally speak with a foreign accent.

A carpenter with a broad-ax-sent.

A writer of plays with a four or five-acts-sent.

An Indian with a little-ax-sent (tomahawk).

And a butcher with a meat-ax-sent.

Finding a Use for It.

Mistress—Why, Nora, where is the canary?

Nora—Shure, it didn't sing, mum, an' Oi had it stuffed for me hat.

Reserving his Strength for the Homestretch.

Portly lady—You don't seem to be able to carry on a conversation while you are dancing.

Young man (breathing hard)—Oh—yes I can, but I—am saving my wind to finish this waltz with.

Too Old For Her.

Mistress (to Bridget, who is admiring herself before the glass)—Why, Bridget, isn't that my hat you have on?

Bridget—Yis mum; ain't Oi ould lookin' in it?

The Ruling Passion.

Religious Comforter—Well, my good man, are you happy now in your belief?

Hospital Patient (on the last run)—Certingly; for I believe de New Yorks will win de pennant for dis year!

Her First Sleeping Car.

Gertrude—You'll enjoy this trip, Auntie. It'll be fun. It's an awfully fast train!

Aunt Hester (who sees a gentleman opposite preparing to turn in)—Sakes alive! Awfully fast! What will your uncle say!

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Two Pairs of Lovers.

Mamie Esdaile and her father's guest, Captain Hemsley, were dawdling away the half-hour before dressing for dinner beside the glowing fire that burned on the wide hearth in the entrance-hall.

They had been riding together that afternoon, braving muddy roads and gloomy skies, and now declared themselves too dirty and disheveled to join their friends at afternoon tea in the drawing-room.

Besides, letters for Mamie had come by the second post, and she never could enjoy her correspondence with a buzz of talk around her.

Not that the presence of Wyatt Hemsley seemed to inconvenience her at all, but then words had been spoken during that afternoon's ride which had made their interests, like their hearts, one.

"An invitation for Lady Carby's ball—shall we accept it—Wyatt!"

Captain Hemsley, after a hasty glance around to assure himself that they were entirely alone, snatched a kiss from the lips that breathed his name so prettily.

"If you will promise to keep all your waltzes for me."

Mamie called him a greedy boy, but gave the required pledge, and opened another envelope.

To this she gave a pettish tap as soon as she had mastered its contents.

"Was there ever anything so provoking! Sibyl Hardress was to have come to us to-morrow, and now she writes to excuse herself. As she was well aware I should not be satisfied without knowing why, she adds her reason. She is so sick of being pointed out as a great heiress and besieged with the attentions of men she despises, that she intends to go to Girton and devote herself to study. There's a Miss Misanthrope for you! Young, pretty and rich, and tired of admiration at four-and-twenty!"

"Humph! this is odd!" exclaimed her lover. "Your friend writes in precisely the same strain as Gerald Lowther did this morning. I wanted you to know him, and despatched your father's kind invitation, urging him to accept it. But he says—let me see, what does he say? Ah! here is his letter. 'Pray excuse me, dear Wyatt; I am not up to the gay life of a country house, and feel safer and happier among my books.'"

"Please interpret," said Mamie. "Of what is the unfortunate man afraid?"

"Of women's eyes, my precious!" was the laughing reply. "When he and I were at Edinburgh last I happen to know that poor Gerald encountered your fair and learned friend. They were becoming quite intimate when some one whispered in his ear that she was an heiress, and perhaps the same kind friend warned her that poor scholars do sometimes marry for money. At any rate, the lady looked coldly on her admirer, and he took the alarm and went back to Cambridge directly."

"But Mr. Lowther is not——"

"A money-hunter? My dearest Mamie, he is one of the proudest, the most honorable of men!"

"And Sibyl is a dear girl in spite of her learning. How I wish we could have brought them together and made them as happy as we are!"

"Is it impossible?" queried Wyatt.

"N-a-o!" replied Mamie, after a little consideration. "With your assistance I think it could be done."

"You shall have my help as far as the carrying out of your schemes, but don't ask me to invent or suggest. Beyond military tactics I am a duffer at finessing."

"Perhaps that is why I love—I mean, why I feel a sort of a friendly liking for you," responded the young lady, demurely. "No, sir, you are not to kiss me again. If grandmamma were to come this way she would be horrified. Bring me that writing-case and we will commence operations at once. I shall write to Sibyl and you must pen a few lines to Mr. Lowther."

"What am I to say?" asked the captain, when both were seated with the ink-stand between them.

"Simply that you have just proposed and been accepted—that the young lady is staying here, and you cannot be content till your dear old friend has seen her and approved your choice. Take no excuses—say you shall meet every train and so on. Be quick, that our letters may go out this evening. Of course I shall write to Sib in a similar strain."

"Yes! But I don't see the drift of your arrangement. I had already intended to tell Lowther what a happy fellow your sweet confession has made me."

"But you must not mention names," and Mamie held up a warning finger. "You are to leave him in doubt whether it is Sibyl Hardress who is or is not your fiancee."

"Hum—well—I have no objection to mystifying him a little. But how about Miss Hardress? What are you going to say to her?"

"I shall hint and insinuate that Mr. Lowther's talents have been too much for my susceptibility."

Still Captain Hemsley looked perplexed.

"And so, by rousing their jealousy as well as their curiosity, you think you shall secure their coming to Esdaile Abbey? But then, they will no sooner see you and me together than they will understand the true state of affairs."

"They shall not be allowed to see us together," interposed Mamie: "Sibyl must be the object of your devotion, whilst I——"

"Whilst you walk, ride and chat with Gerald Lowther! I could not stand that, Mamie—I couldn't, really."

Miss Esdaile gave him a reproachful look.

"Have you so little faith in me? Cannot you make a small sacrifice to secure your friend's happiness?"

"Small do you call it? If you loved as fondly as I do, you would know that it would exasperate me to madness to see you smiling on another as you have smiled on me, letting him hang over your chair, or absorb you in confidential chat. Lowther can be very fascinating when he likes."

"But he is not Wyatt Hemsley. Oh, it is cruel of you to doubt me!"

As Mamie showed signs of becoming tearful, her lover apologized, and pledged himself to do just as she pleased.

"I will imitate you precisely," he added, a little maliciously. "When Lowther squeezes your hand, I will press Miss Hardress' taper fingers, and gaze in her eyes."

"Indeed, sir, you'll do no such thing! Do you want to make me hate her? This is going beyond your instructions with a vengeance!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" croaked grandmamma Esdaile's pet-parrot. "How very absurd we are!"

For once Poll's observation was so well-timed that the lovers laughed, and were reconciled. The letters were written and despatched, eliciting on the following day telegrams from both recipients.

"Will be with you to-night," Mr. Lowther wired. "You shall see me to-morrow," was Miss Hardress' message, and the delighted conspirators kept the secret of their engagement from everyone but Mamie's father, lest it should interfere with the success of their plot.

The Esdailes had gone to dine with some old friends when Gerald Lowther arrived at the abbey, but Captain Hemsley was there to welcome him; and they spent a very pleasant evening in the library, sometimes talking, sometimes examining the rare old books and manuscripts with which its oaken cases had been filled by a former squire.

"But you have not told me anything respecting your betrothed," said Gerald, presently.

"You shall see her to-morrow. I think you have met before," replied the young officer.

"Is she daughter or niece of Mr. Esdaile?"

"What made you think that?" queried Captain Hemsley, evasively. "Mamie Esdaile is a dear little girl, but she has not the brilliant mind of Sibyl Hardress."

Mr. Lowther stared, stammered something unintelligible, then thrust his hands into his pockets, and fell into a brown study.

What strange contrarieties in human nature he was continually encountering! Who could imagine his gay, scatter-brained military friend worshipping at the shrine of a modern Minerva!

Mamie drove her ponies to the station to meet Miss Hardress.

"I hope," said the latter, "you haven't a house full of people."

"Dear me, no. Just our own family, grandmamma, one of my uncles, who is helping papa make his plans for drawing those marsh lands by the river; Mr. Gerald Lowther—you have heard of him!—and his *fidus Achates*, Captain Hemsley. Don't fall in love with young Hemsley, Sib, because a little bird has whispered to me that he is engaged."

Miss Hardress curled her finely-chiselled lip.

"Those military men are generally sad flirts, but the warning was not needed. I shall never marry; but devote my time and my money to good purposes."

"How angelic of you! For my own part I am more unselfish. Instead of making myself a name as a great female philanthropist, I shall be content to be the mistress of some happy household, with a dear good husband loving and praising me as the best of wives."

"Yours is a very sweet and womanly ambition," said Sibyl, with a sigh; "but you might have ascribed to me better motives for my plans."

"Dear Sib, it is not wise to plan at all. Let both of us be content for a wiser Hand to rule our destinies."

"But how grave we are," Mamie added the next moment. "Here comes papa to meet us, and the gentlemen are with him. I do so hope you will like Mr. Lowther! For my sake, you know."

Both Sibyl Hardress and Gerald Lowther assured themselves that they were very pleased to renew the acquaintance under circumstances that enabled them to be on the best of terms without any danger of misunderstanding, and once again they glided into intimacy; they read the same books, discussed favorite topics, and held long arguments with an increasing respect for each other's mental powers.

It was only when Gerald was smoking his last cigar, or Sibyl was brushing her tresses at night, that he would marvel how she could bestow such a heart as hers on a thoughtless boy who took no interest in her pursuit, and she would feel vexed with Mamie for her frivolity. Why did she not fit herself to be the companion of the clever man who had chosen her for his wife?

"I am afraid we are in a maze and don't know the way out," Wyatt Hemsley confided to his betrothed one morning when they had stolen away to the conservatory, while Gerald and Sibyl bent their heads together over a pamphlet on the Semitic stone. "They are the best of friends, but no sooner give either of them a hint of our scheming than they will fly apart and no earthly power will bring them together again."

"Cannot we trust to circumstances?"

"You see," objected Mamie's lover, "I am awfully tired of playing at hide-and-seek. I want all the world to know that you are mine and I am thine."

We must not do anything rashly," Mamie decided. "I am going down to the village after luncheon. If you like to go too and carry my charity basket, we can have a nice quiet talk and perhaps hit upon some plan for bringing matters to a climax."

But this was done for them during their absence. Grandmamma Esdaile, though too deaf to hear a word without her trumpet, still retained the keenness of eyesight. She had seen the love-glances exchanged between her pet Mamie and Captain Hemsley; she had watched and approved their growing affection, and was first dismayed, then furiously angry, when she saw the gallant captain's place by Mamie's side usurped by the pale, reserved scholar whom she looked upon as the wiliest of men.

Something must be done to rescue Mamie from the spells cast upon her by this second Mephistopheles, and grandmamma looked around her for a more useful *confidante* than Mamie's easy-tempered, indolent mother.

At last her choice fell upon Sibyl Hardress, to whom she drew such a moving picture of the happy understanding that reigned between Mamie and Captain Hemsley, before that wicked Mr. Lowther came to the abbey, that when the agitated Sibyl made her escape she flew to the library, to ponder over what she had heard.

Here, however, her tears and her trouble were witnessed by the scholar, who made his presence known by hurrying to her side.

"Dear Miss Hardress, something or someone has grieved you. Can I be of any assistance?"

"Yes," she answered, frankly; "you can tell me how you, so wise beyond other men, can reconcile it to your conscience to wrong your friend, and win away from him the affection of the innocent girl who loved him till you came between them."

"This is a strange charge! Who is my accuser? That I have loved you, Miss Hardress, with all my heart and soul, I will not deny."

"I am not speaking of myself," cried Sibyl, crimsoning with shame, "but of Mamie and Captain Hemsley. They were on the point of an engagement when you——"

"Impossible!" cried Gerald Lowther. "I only arrived here a few hours before you, and Hemsley told me—at least he hinted—that you were the lady of his choice. As for Miss Esdaile, it is true that I have held several conversations with her, but the subject has always been you."

"Then grandmamma has made a ridiculous mistake, and—what must you think of me?" cried poor Sibyl, hiding her face in her hands. "I will go away to-morrow, and never again will I be induced to meddle with love affairs of others."

"And I will go away too, lest I grow envious of happiness it is not my lot to share."

He kissed Sibyl's hand, relinquished it with a sigh, and she took a couple of steps towards the door; then came back, having made a desperate resolution.

"Mr. Lowther, why did you leave Edinburgh so suddenly?"

"Miss Hardress, why did you suddenly grow cold to me?"

"Because some vile slanderer hinted that my fortune was my only attraction in your eyes."

"Go, then, and finish your college with it. When you have done that I shall be free to say, Sibyl, I love you for yourself."

"Ah, say it now!" and she threw herself into his arms.

When Mamie and her captain returned from the village and sought their friends in the library, there was a little laughing and crying on the part of the young ladies, and the heartiest of handshakings on the part of the gentlemen. Then grandmamma was fetched, and first bewildered, then delighted, with the tidings that her congratulations were being asked for two pairs of lovers instead of one.

A Brave Southern Soldier.

One day during the last part of the war Dr. Willis Westmoreland was dressing the wound of a soldier who had been shot in the neck near the carotid artery.

Suddenly the blood vessel gave way, and just as quickly the surgeon thrust his finger into the hole to stop the flow.

"Doctor," said he, "what does that mean?"

"It means death," said the surgeon.

"How long can I live?" asked the soldier, whose mind was perfectly clear.

"Until I remove my finger," said Dr. Westmoreland.

The soldier asked for pen and paper, wrote his will, wrote an affectionate letter to his wife, and when these were done said quietly:

"Let it go."

The surgeon withdrew his finger, the blood rushed out, and soon the man was dead.

The body of the brave fellow was buried in Oakland, and every year since Dr. Westmoreland has gone on Memorial Day and placed flowers on the grave. This year when Memorial Day came the doctor was at Salt Springs. He left the scene of gayety, came to Atlanta, and carried his tribute of flowers to the grave of one who was calm and brave in the very presence of death.

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Desperation.

They had just come out of a dime museum—a tall, lank woman with knife-blade lips and an olive green complexion; the little old man with her was round-faced, blue-eyed and meek of manner. Hardly had they reached the pavement when the essence of vinegar by his side hissed out:

"I seen ye, Abe'lom Kittson."

"Seen me what, Nancy?"

"Oh, I'd ask what! I tell ye I seen ye with my own livin' eyes!"

"Seen me what?"

"Seen you flurritin' with that tattoed woman. Oh, I did!"

"Good Lord, Nancy!"

"Oh, I seen you give her them peanuts, I seen ye!"

"Why, Nance, I——"

"And I seen ye flurritin' with the fat woman. I seen ye give her the apple. Ah, Kittson."

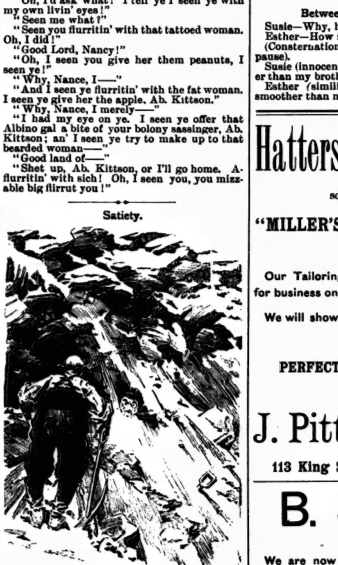
"Why, Nance, I merely——"

"I had my eye on ye. I seen ye offer that Albino gal a bite of your bolony sassinger, Ah, Kittson; an' I seen ye try to make up to that bearded woman——"

"Good land of——"

"Shet up. Ah, Kittson, or I'll go home. A-flurritin' with sich! Oh, I seen you, you mizzable big flirrut you!"

Satiety.



McMachagan (as the foreman runs for assistance)—Ah-ha-ha; Dinny Divlin, it's youse thot wor always wantin it, an' yes has it now.

Devlin (faintly)—Phwhat's thot?

McMachagan—T'eart'.—*Time.*

Climatic.

Brown—We are going to have some squally weather.

Robinson—Squally weather? Well, no wonder. Squally weather is what might be expected during the prevalence of the Indian summer.

Chestnut!

Humorist—I wonder how October got its name?

Miss Sharpgirl—It got its name from the numeral octo, which applies to the eighth month of the year, and burr, a delicate allusion to the opening of the chestnut season.

A Curious Coincidence.

"Just five years ago to-day," said a farmer at the Central Market yesterday, "I was coming in with a load of potatoes and a bag fell off the wagon. When I missed it I went back, but some one had gobbled it.

"Upon my soul!" gasped a man who stood by, "but this is strange!"

"Why?"

"Just five years ago this morning I found a bag of potatoes near the toll-gate!"

"It must have been mine."

"Not a doubt of it."

"And—and——"

"You'll settle with me, of course. I held them four weeks, at a charge of fifty cents per week storage. I advertised them to the amount of $1.20. Then, as they were beginning to spoil, I paid an expressman fifty cents to cart them to an orphan asylum. I'll run into the office and make out your bill."

He ran in, but when he came out the farmer and his team had slid out and were not to be found.

Between Two Vassar Girls.

Susie—Why, how smooth your face is!

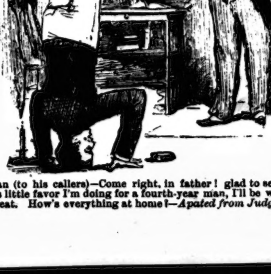
Esther—How smooth yours is!

(Consternation, blushes; short and painful pause.)

Susie (innocently)—Yours is so much smoother than my brother Jamie's!

Esther (similiter)—And yours is so much smoother than my father's.

Ad Initiandos Tirones.



Freshman (to his callers)—Come right, in father! glad to see you. If you'll wait till I get through this little favor I'm doing for a fourth-year man, I'll be with you. I've only this candle and soap to eat. How's everything at home?—*Apated from Judge.*

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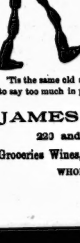

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A Literary Tid-bit---Hints for Beginners.

We sometimes promise the gentle youths who contribute articles, etc., etc., to SATURDAY NIGHT, in case of refusal of their MS., to jot down a few points wherein said articles, etc., etc., are noticeably weak or too utterly strong. For the benefit of the aspirants we give a MS., as it will to-morrow be returned to the sad-eyed author. Not a word has been inserted in the original garland of bearded chestnuts to make it strong: the pearls of ancient beauty are just as they dropped from the dripping pen of the inspired contributor:

THE PASSING OF AUTUMN.

The autumn leaves have fallen, the longest nights of the year are with us, and already the *icy breath* (1) of coming winter has sent its *note of warning* (2) through the land. November is here (Howdy? B, the month of gloom (3) during which, 'tis said, the crime of self-murder does most abound (3). Beneath our feet the leaves *lie sodden* (4) and overhead is heard the loud caw of the last departing carrion on its way to tell the story of the wild, rude north to sunnier scenes in the south land. [I m sorry for you, Mr. Southland.—Ed.]

Vanishing now the vivid flaming beauty of the earlier autumn-tide; *decay has set in*; (5) and the *death like swoon* (6) of nature is all but assured. Like the slow-dying consumptive whose countenance is most beautiful when *the destroying hand* (7) is very near, so at the last when the year *is waxing old* (8) and decay *is setting in* (9) does autumn seem most beautiful, so *transcendently gorgeous* (10), that were the hand of a mortal permitted to limn the glories of an early-autumn landscape as it really is, men would jeer at it as a picture that is overdrawn (11).

Only a little while now and the *frost-king* (12) shall sway his *icy sceptre* (13) and the hearts of men during the *long night of winter* (14) will sigh for the warmer rays, and the coming of the *sun-god* (15), when nature, awakening from her *death-like* swoon (16) shall arise and put on the *beautiful garments of spring* (17). Forgotten then *ineffable gloom of winter* (18) and the *pensive melancholy* (19) of the *passing autumn tide* (20).

(1). New expression. (Sarcastic).
(2). " " " "
(3). Your screed makes me feel that way myself.
(4). Too much drink.
(5). They used to "sot in."
(6). Patent applied for.
(7). Noah patent on this expired B. C. 1006.
(8). Saxon phrase.
(9). Setting out or sitting up would have been a change.
(10). You get your work in there.
(11). You are immeasurably right there, son.
(12). Frost King is dead—been overworked.
(13). "Icy Sceptre" too new—you can't work off new words on us.
(14). Previous reference has been made to "long nights."
(15). No cuss words, please.
(16). Death-like swoon is barred, having made a record in No. 6.
(17). Do not let her wait to do it in public. She should be ashamed of herself taking so long; started to put on garments "years and years" ago.
(18.) Come off! come off, please! We feel the suicidal mania working in our depressed within!
(19.) Reach me my stab, oh, Pluto! I want to die! Now! Right in the weeping, sobbing, heart-broken *now!*
(20.) We all pass! Make it next—next fall!

DEAR SIR:—When nature fell into a death-like swoon she should have done so with a "dull and sickening thud." Otherwise your article is excellent.—ED.

A Depreciated Custom.

The old-time weakness for handing bouquets to favorite actors and actresses is now generally recognized as one of the depreciated customs. The fact is the thing has been overdone to such an extent that reaction has set in, and what was once considered a pleasing and seemly recognition of genius is now branded with the taint of ridicule. Nor is this to be wondered at, for, whilst an audience may view with pleasure a proper recognition of deserving worth, it is quick to resent the absurdity of one who presents the laurel to mediocrity on the mere ground of personal regard, albeit many an audience has delightedly cheered the presentation of a bouquet, little dreaming that the recipient has cut and dried the whole affair before entering the theatre. It is well known amongst the initiated that actresses often purchase a handsome bouquet and hire some one to present the same at the close of a certain act. Variety and an eye for business are generally the motives that prompt such little subterfuges, although occasionally it is only done to excite the jealous envy of a sister actress. In either case the tendency is to bring reproach on a custom which in its purity was the spontaneous outcome of that appreciation which genuine merit is sure to excite. To such an absurd extent was carried the misuse of this custom, that it is not so very long ago that women in the audience were often the recipients of flowers sent in to the theatre by admirers, but as this obtained only amongst women of a certain class the custom rapidly fell into disuse. Let us admire beauty as we have always done, but beauty must rest content with the mere admiration it excites; it should be reserved for the effort of genius only to receive the floral expression of an audience's appreciation.

A Worthless Monarch.

About the meanest man in the King business is Milan of Servia whose efforts to take on a new rib will, in all probability, result successfully. Our own bluff King Hal has hitherto headed the record, but the Bluff King Henry lived in the sixteenth century, and, besides, possessed one or two qualities which prevent posterity from utterly despising the arch-bigamist of England. But for Milan—well, up to date he hasn't showed one redeeming feature. Treacherous to his friends, unfaithful in love, and a dastard in battle, Milan stands before men as the embodiment of utter worthlessness.

The Music

Saturday last was a busy day for the poor musical critic, who had to visit the Conservatory of Music concert and the College of Music entertainment in the afternoon, and the Mendelssohn quintette programme in the evening. It was unfortunate that the two matinees occurred on the same day, as both programmes were so thoroughly enjoyable that one who could hear only about half of each had to enjoy a considerable measure of disappointment, so to speak. I went first to the Conservatory affair and was much struck with the large audience that was present, and was more than ever sure of the popularity of low prices. As the price was in this case lowered to zero, the house was full. When a few evenings before Mme. Valda, with an excellent company, was to sing here at regular first-class concert prices, not twenty dollars' worth of tickets was sold, and the concert had to be abandoned.

This was the most disastrous issue of a concert scheme I have ever seen in Toronto, and many have wondered why a lady who has appeared at some of the most brilliant concerts of the Philharmonic Society, and was always loudly applauded and generally encored, and who is of undoubted artistic prominence, should have met with such a fate. In fact, many wondered and none bought tickets. The moral of the affair is obvious. It is that here only the highest, most world renowned talent can come to sing in concerts, when the places are not sold by subscription, or through the agency of a strong influence exerted by a large force of ticket sellers.

To return to the Conservatory concert, a well arranged programme was presented to admiring auditors, and a most creditable showing was made by the pupils of the institution. The concert was especially interesting, as showing the presence among us of material that only needs thorough development to take the place of the oldsters in the concert arena. For years we have had the same local talent before us, season after season, and I fancy the public are now as tired of the singers as some of the singers are of the public. If the Conservatory brings the new and promising talent to the front, and fits it for the real concert platform, it will have earned public gratitude for this alone. On Saturday afternoon the principal interest very naturally centered in the singers. Of these Mrs. Grace E. Shilton, Miss Frances H. Doane, Miss M. B. Bunton and Mr. Robert Spice appeared to the best advantage, Miss Maud Gilmour and Mrs. E. D. Gough had not so important a part to play, but were equally satisfactory.

I must, however, take slight exception to the rendering of Sig. D'Auria's waltz song by Mrs. Shilton, as the effect of the waltz rhythm was not sufficiently audible. Of the piano section of the programme Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, Miss A. H. Saunders, Miss Alice Tufford and Miss Maud Gordon gave a most creditable exposition, and the violin playing of Miss L. White and Miss Ethelind Thomas gave much promise. The Conservatory string quartette, composed of Mrs. Adamson, Mr. C. W. Jones, Sig. D'Auria and Mr. Guisepps Dinelli, made its first appearance in two movements of a suite by Sig. D'Auria. The first movement was excellent structurally, but a trifle vague in sentiment; the scherzo, however, was bright and elegant and delighted all the musicians present. Now that the ice is broken, it is to be hoped that some effort may yet be made to give us regular chamber concerts by a local quartette. Mr. Dinelli played his cello solos very well, and is an acquisition to our musical forces. He has faithful intonation, and executive facility, but is a trifle weak in tone.

The rooms at the College of Music were no less crowded than was the Pavilion, and Mr. Torrington had prepared a treat for the audience in the shape of a repetition of Monday's programme rendered by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. It is needless to say that it was delightfully carried out. The pretty little music hall is excellently adapted for entertainments of this kind, and with the rooms which open into it, will accommodate quite a large audience. The hall is well lighted, well ventilated and excellently proportioned acoustically, and with its fine three manual organ, will prove a strong factor in the success of the College. The plan of securing foreign talent of such excellence, if carried out in its present lines, cannot fail to prove of the utmost service to the pupils of the College.

The concert of the Quintette Club on Saturday night was an improvement even on its previous one. The Schubert quintette in C, or rather a movement from it, the bright, sparkling Mendelssohn Scherzo (E minor quartette, op. 44) and an arrangement of Chopin's Polonaise, in A, comprised the ensemble pieces by the club, and were beautifully rendered. Miss Ryan sang better than at the previous concert, her principal number being a cavatina from Bizet's Les Pecheurs des Perles, which was rendered extremely well. Herr Hekking came out in great force and gave a splendid performance. His best work was in Sarasate's fantasia on O Cara Memoria, which he played with wonderful breadth and feeling. The appreciation of his artistic powers grows on one, and I am sure everyone will welcome him back to Toronto, should we be fortunate enough to hear him again. Mr. Ryan's clarinette solos have become a trifle obsolete, but the audience undoubtedly enjoyed them.

METRONOME.

A Hint to Theatregoers.

"I notice that in leaving places of evening amusement people, almost always, wrap up their throats. This is a great mistake, and brings on the very evil they wish to avoid, by making the throat hot and susceptible to cold air, causing the voice to become hard and harsh. When leaving a crowded building the neck should be left uncovered and the mouth kept closed for a few minutes; this will warm the air before it reaches the lungs and prevent chest colds. Ladies can wear a thin wrapper over the shoulders. As a singer, I have proved how valuable this precaution will be to all who take my advice."

The performance of Musette at the Grand on Monday night was a good deal like a rag carpet with a Smyrna rug on it. Musette was the rag carpet and Lotta the rug. And it was remarked by the contemporaneous young ruffians who exchange cigarettes and alleged opinions in the lobby between the acts, that the rug was commencing to show signs of wear and tear; that it was becoming frayed about the edges and threadbare in the center. They laughed a good deal of course—you always do laugh at Lotta—but they noticed that she was growing old; that she was hideously made up at times; that her lashes were heavy with grease paint, and her lips coarse to a degree with vermilion; that she was whitened and plastered and rouged and blackened in a manner scandalous to perennial youth. And what would you? This *petite* woman, heroic in her audacity, with an elastic little body that keeps her frisking and mincing on our stage year after year, is no more invulnerable to Time's relentless buffeting than the rest of us. She has had her day, and a very good day it has been. She is a bright, clever, capable little woman still, but she has lost the sprightliness and joyousness of youth; she can no longer frisk with the gladsomeness of the kitten or caper with the abandoned audacity of an unbroken colt. She has had her season and her burden. She has toiled a good deal and saved some. She has been a steady favorite with the capricious public. It is only now that her welcome is giving signs of wearing out. Her divinity and perennial youth are like Scott's novels, and sarsaparilla, and mythology, and true love. They belong to the past, and we live in the George Eliot, apollinaris, scientific, mercenary present.

Lotta is traveling just now on her reputation. She has surrounded herself with a poor company—the poorest, perhaps, she has ever had. She misses her Bradshaw and P. Auz. Anderson. There was a time, when they were with her, that she had magnificent support. But with advancing years, they say, the pert little soubrette has become avaricious and contents herself with second-rate people. She has added nothing to her repertoire—since Marsden's death there is perhaps no American dramatist who can fit her peculiar style—and her old plays are as familiar as spring poems. Musette without Lotta would be as unpalatable as cooking without salt. We like it because we like Lotta. We enjoy it because we enjoy Lotta. She is the picture, and Musette is the frame, but the frame is a mere accessory. It adds no beauty or grace and precious little attractiveness to the picture, but the picture adds all three to the frame.

Lotta was—and for that matter is—a good type of the soubrette, and she has been the original from whom a good many women of lesser ability have received their inspiration. She is as spry, chipper and uncertain as a handful of quicksilver. She acknowledges no methods and holds with no traditions. If you ask her what the grand climax of the possibilities of dramatic art is, she will tell you that it lies in the beauty and abandon of a kick with accessories in the way of stockings and lace-edged petticoats. You see her reproduced in endless profusion in your Peck's Bad Boy and your Bunch of Keys and similar idiocies. You see her girlish giggle, her infectious laugh and her vivacious uncertainty of movement imitated in hundreds of forms by hundreds of women. And there is an element of sadness in the thought that this bright-eyed woman with her chic, her abandon, her audacity and her breezy spontaneity of speech and action should be rapidly outgrowing her usefulness. And she will outgrow it more rapidly still, unless she surrounds her fading charms with a company that shall at least be made conspicuous by some small degree of merit.

There has been so much discussion about Lotta's age and personality that it is perhaps worth while giving a few facts concerning her. The bright little soubrette's name is Charlotte Crabtree, and she will be 41 years old on the 27th of this month. Her mother was an American and her father an Englishman named John Asheworth Crabtree who for years kept a book store in Nassau street, New York. In 1851, when the Californian mining fever was at its height, he caught the disease and left for the Pacific slope. Lotta was born November 27, 1847, at 720 Broadway, New York. In 1854 she and her mother left New York for California to join Mr. Crabtree. Lotta's first appearance in public was in La Porte, Cal., in a performance by amateurs, and her first recorded dramatic venture was in Petaluma, Cal., in 1858, as Gertrude in A Loan of a Lover. In the spring of 1864, with her father, mother and younger brother, she came east, opening June 1 of that year at Niblo's Garden, N. Y.—it was Niblo's saloon then—she being billed as the Californian Pet, and appearing in songs with and without banjo, and in the sketches of Jenny Lind and The Mysterious Chamber. Between that time and 1870 she traveled all over the country, appearing in a wide range of characters from Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin to the spectacular work of The Seven Sisters. She made her English *debut* in December, 1883, at the Theater Comique in London in Musette. She has made large sums of money, and, being a shrewd business woman, has kept most of it, and is to-day worth over $500,000. She owns the Park theater in Boston, which her brother manages for her, and has other properties through the States. She recently bought a theater in Minneapolis for $45,000, paying $5,000 to bind the bargain. Repenting of her purchase she forfeited the $5,000, and is now being sued for the balance. She has been engaged several times but has never married, her mother, it is said, having no inclination to take second place in her daughter's affections, being instrumental in having each engagement broken off.

There has been a swirl of girl at the Toronto Opera House all week. Monte Cristo, Jr., is an unsophisticated spectacular production relying for its attractiveness on pretty girls, gilt, glitter and a fantastic opulence of scenic effects and color. There are some forty odd people in the Corinne opera company. A good many of the forty odd are girls, and pretty girls, too. There is lots of music in it, some of it old, some of it new, numerous "gags" and much specialty business, some of which is good and some of which isn't. On the whole it is an unusually satisfactory burlesque performance. The scenery is good, the costumes bright and handsome, and the grouping and tableaux artistically worked out. Mrs. Kimball's skill in stage management is shown in the exquisite drilling of the ballet girls. The marching in the second act is in every way superior to anything of the kind we have had here before. The girls move with the precision of clock-work, and have the same harmonious uniformity as a row of buttons on a billiard string. Mrs. Kimball apparently agrees with Swinburne that there is nothing like form, and there is no evident disinclination shown by the young women of the company to give ocular demonstration of their concurrence with Mrs. Kimball's and the boudoir poet's views.

Through it all Corinne moves as lightly as the meticulous honey bee. She expands with the passing years beneath the sun of popular approval, as the rose bud bursts into bloom beneath the solar monarch's smile. That she is a clever child there is no denying. If she progresses as steadily in the future as she has in the past, there is little doubt that in a few years she will lead the soubrettes of the American stage. In looking at Corinne you must remember that she is only fifteen years old. Mrs. Kimball says so, and if her own mother doesn't know who may? Mrs. Kimball is a plump, pleasant-faced, motherly-looking woman, all smiles and amiability and perfume. Corinne B. Kimball, as Mrs. Kimball says, was born in Boston, Dec. 25, 1873, and she has been on the stage ever since she was two years and a half old. She likes it, in fact she is only happy when she frisks and sings. It is only some four or five years ago, since Corinne walked around with a rubber doll in one hand and a stick of candy in the other. She has outgrown the doll and treacle period, but she is still as merry and light-hearted and joyous as a child should be. Old timers may remember a Corinne Kimball who was billed as the brightest kid on the stage in New York, somewhere about 1870. When I asked her about this the other night, Mrs. Kimball told me that the original Corinne Kimball's name was Kelly and that she was a sister of Annie Sullivan of the variety sketch team of Sullivan and Mack. Miss Kimball adopted her but the little one died before the Corinne of to-day was born.

The Tigress, Ramsay Morris' dramatization of his own novel, Crucify Her, is finishing the week at the Grand and the closing performances will be given this afternoon and evening. The opening performance on Thursday afternoon drew a large house. The play is replete with strong dramatic situations and the dialogue is crisp and terse. A great beauty of the play is the easy development of the situations. They grow out of the events as naturally as a chicken grows out of an egg. There is no straining for effect, no attempt to arouse false judgment by unjustifiable methods.

Frederic Bryton in Forgiven, a strong play well told, will hold the boards at the Grand all next week. This will be Mr. Bryton's first appearance here. W. C. W.

FOOTLIGHT FLICKERINGS.

Ellen Terry is building a $100,000 home in London.

Happy Cal Wagner, the once famous minstrel, is now an ordinary laborer at Syracuse.

Kate Castleton is playing to short business in A Paper Doll, and is hunting a new piece.

The English actor, Charles Wyndham, has concluded not to come to America this season.

Red-headed Minnie Maddern drives to and from the theaters in which she plays and the hotels at which she registers, in a carriage drawn by a pair of white horses, and thus the unities are preserved.

He was a comedian, and had seen better days. Walking up to Manager Sheppard, who was standing in front of the Grand one day last week, he handed a button to O. B. and said:

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Sew a pair of pants on that!"

Genial Joe Murphy was presented with a floral harp in Hamilton Monday night, and the *Spectator* suggests that the girls in the Wesleyan Ladies' College should have helped out the harmony of the occasion by unhitching the horses from Joseph's cab and dragging him around the city streets.

The New York *Sun* lately contained the following editorial: What will the London newspapers say when they hear that the proprietors of Doris' Big Museum, in Eighth avenue, has in good faith offered Lord Sackville £400 a week for his services as a freak, together with the opportunity, at two daily levees of two hours' duration each, to explain his position to a sympathizing public?

Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter are threatened with a formidable rival in the person of Minnie Seligman, a beautiful New York girl who plays Hermia in A Midsummer Night's Dream, at the Star Theater. This young lady is said to be very handsome, and is the daughter of a wealthy family of New York, who opposed in vain her going on the stage. She is also the wife of a fond husband, from whom, when she gave him her hand, she exacted the promise, three years ago, that he would not interfere with her dramatic career should she conclude that the stage was her mission. The New York critics speak very highly of her talents, and claim that it's only a question of time ere she will win both fortune and fame.

Under Canvas.

For Saturday Night.

Lichens of green and gray on every side,
And green and gray the rocks beneath our feet,
Above our heads the canvas stretching wide,
And over all enchantment rare and sweet.

Fair Rosseau slumbers in an atmosphere
That kisses her to passionless soft dreams,
O, perfect Happiness, we find there here—
And life lacks nothing, so complete it seems.

The velvet air stirred by some elfin's wings,
Comes swinging up the waters, and then stills
Its voice so low that floating by it sings
Like distant harps among the distant hills.

Across the lake the rugged islands lie,
Fir crowned and grim, and further in the view
Some shadows seeming swung 'twixt cloud and sky,
Are countless shores—a symphony of blue.

Some Northern sorceress, when day is done,
Hovers where cliffs uplift their gaunt gray steeps,
Bewitching to vermilion Rosseau's sun,
That in a liquid mass of rubies sleeps.

The scent of burning leaves, the camp fire's blaze—
The great logs cracking in the brilliant flame—
The groups grotesque on which the fire-light plays,
Are pictures which Muskoka twilights frame.

And Night, star-crested, wanders up the mere,
With opiates for idleness to quaff,
And while she ministers naught wakes the ear,
But owl's uncanny cry, or wild loon's laugh.

MUSKOKA, August. E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

The City of the Dead.

They do neither plight nor wed
In the city of the dead,
In the city where they sleep away the hours;
But they lie, while o'er them range
Winter blight and summer change,
And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers.
No, they neither wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh
In the burgh of by and by,
Where the streets have grasses growing, cool and long;
But they rest within their bed,
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
No, they neither sigh nor sing,
Though the roses blow in spring,
Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace in the city of surcease
From the failings and the wailings 'neath the sun;
And the wings of the swift years
Beat but gently o'er the biers,
Making music to the sleepers, every one.
There is only peace and rest;
But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease, and know that life is done.

RICHARD E. BURTON.

The Baby and the Soldiers.

Rough and ready the troopers ride,
Great bearded men, with swords by side;
They have ridden long, they have ridden hard,
They are travel stained and battle scarred:
The hard ground shakes with their martial tramp
And coarse is the laugh of the men in camp.

They reach the spot where the mother stands,
With a baby clapping its little hands,
Laughing aloud at the gallant sight
Of the mounted soldiers fresh from the fight.
The captain laughs out: "I'll give you this,
A handful of gold, your baby to kiss."

Smiles the mother: "A kiss can't be sold,
But gladly he'll kiss a soldier bold."
He lifts the baby with manly grace
And covers with kisses its smiling face,
Its rosy cheeks and its dimpled charms,
And it crows with delight in the soldier's arms.

"Not all for the captain," the soldiers call;
"The baby, we know, has one for all."
To the soldiers' breasts the baby is pressed
By the strong, rough men, and by turns caressed;
And louder it laughs, and mother fair
Smiles with mute joy as the kisses they share.

"Just such a kiss," cries one trooper grim,
"When I left my boy I gave to him;"
"And just such a kiss on the parting day
I gave to my girl as asleep she lay."
Such were the words of the soldiers brave,
And their eyes were moist as the kiss they gave.

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

Missing.

Have you seen my sailor boy, as you came across the sea
Have you seen my sailor boy, with the laughing eyes of blue?
With the sunlight on his hair, and his face so young and fair,
And the smile he used to wear, brave and true?

Oh, he kissed me on the cheek as he sailed away to sea,
Sailed away from Gloster Town, and I never saw him more.
But the ships they come and go, and the tides they ebb and flow,
And the waves are moaning low on the shore.

Ah! they told me he was dead, but I know it is not true;
For he comes to me at night, when the world is all asleep,
And he speaks to me by day, when the tempests sweep the bay,
And the billows are at play on the deep.

For he said he would come back, and he never broke his word—
Have you seen my sailor boy? He is coming soon I know;
I would go to him to-day, if I only knew the way,
Though the grave before me lay, I would go.

JAMES JEFFRY ROCHE.

Best for Her and Best for Him.

On the Atlantic, oh, my darling!
When the fogbanks screen and blow,
And you hear the gentle steward
Softly come and softly go—
When the passengers are groaning
With a great and nameless woe,
Don't you think 'twere better, darling,
You and I should go below?

In the cabin, oh, my darling,
Think not bitterly of me,
Though I rushed away and left you
In the middle of our tea;
I was filled with sudden longing
To gaze upon the deep blue sea;
It was best to leave you then, dear—
Best for you and best for me.

CATS-ARIANCA.

A cat sat on the o'd back fence,
His comrades all had fled,
And as a natural consequence
Things flew about his head;
Bootjack and bottle, stool and brick,
The neighbors wild did fire,
But Tom his chops did calmly lick,
And loudly yelled "Ma-ri-a!"

The Scourge of Whitechapel has the "working off" fever in its most malignant form, and none can say when the symptoms will abate. It is not, however, of the crime itself that I am impelled to write at this period—that has been done pretty exhaustively by the daily press. No! what I allude to is a phase of human nature which has been especially noticeable throughout this horrible affair in the desire to "take it out of somebody," failing the capture of the arch-criminal himself.

The police, the detective system, and, above all, the man in command, have each and severally received the attentions of the public and the press, and these have not been of the kind that is generally considered flattering, and here is where it seems to me that the great British public, the washed and unwashed, expects too much for its money.

Is it quite within the mark to say that nine people out of ten have an exaggerated idea of the resources of the average detective, until brought into actual contact with them. Whether this is in part owing to those wonderful detective stories which we have read (and denied the reading) in early youth, I know not, but the fact remains that most of us have a dim, hazy idea that the modern detective, having the telephone, the wires, the crooks themselves under control, has only to pull the string, and—Presto—Jack! the criminal will be made to bob up serenely in the arms of the law. If this be so, supposition and facts but seldom exchange civilities, for it is safe to say that but a very small percentage of crime can in the very nature of things be brought to light.

Crime is necessarily secretive in its operation, and nowhere can it be more successfully carried on with freedom from detection than in a large city like London. In the great centre of population lies the criminal's City of Refuge. The English detectives are only human beings after all, and the London press know how much easier it is to sneer at a supposed evil than point out what is better. That this murderer will never be caught I firmly refuse to believe, from the mere fact that he is possessed by one of two uncontrollable impulses, either of which is bound to lead to his ultimate detection. He is impelled towards crime either by a homicidal tendency or a hopelessly embruted personal vanity. If the former, he will continue to murder and will be caught red-handed, and if murderous egotism is his foible we may rest assured that this will pave the way to discovery. No, I have no more doubt of his being in the toils eventually than I have that autumn is succeeded by winter and the evening shadows by morning light.

Just how much there was of honest admiration for Rose Coghlan's undoubted talents, and how much of a determination not to be outdone by the students of Montreal in the reception given her the other night, will probably never be known. In either event charming Rose will not be a loser, for the advertising given her should be worth something. Pitou, her manager, had arranged all that, and fifty or sixty telegrams flashed to all parts of the continent, within an hour of the whole affair, placed Rose in glowing colors before a million theater-goers and filled with wrath the hearts of a thousand sister actresses.

The silent observer of human nature in its harmlessly selfish form may go further and fare worse than try our street cars in his search for suitable material. Any route will answer the purpose, for human nature is pretty much the same on a Sherbourne car as it is in the Seaton village service. One individual may be recognized at a glance by the average street car traveler. He is known as the Man Who Knows the Ropes, and he may be watched with advantage to the observer.

If the hour be close on six o'clock, and a crowded car likely, he mounts it from the front and slides into a seat as near the horses as possible. And herein he displays much judgment, for ladies always come in at the rear door of the car, consequently if all the seats are filled, the man nearest the lady is the one whom conscience and the public expectation select as the sacrificial lamb.

But I hear some one say, "How does The Man Who Knows The Ropes manage when all the seats save his own are filled with women, and another of the same sex stands at the portal in beseeching helplessness?" Don't bother about him; *he's* all right. If the car center be filled with men hanging on to the straps, he is out of sight to the majority, and is always at such a moment particularly interested in the view ahead, as seen from the little window at his side. If the seats are occupied only when the last female enters, you can stake every cent you have on his being deeply immersed in the contents of his paper, and his interest won't flag either, till a wary glance out of the corner of his eyes tells him that things have evened up by some one getting out of the car. His judgment doesn't altogether desert him either, when he finds every seat taken and he has to stand. Calmly he surveys the seated crowd, whose individual residences are well known to him from constant travel on this route, and if Mr. A——is the individual whose stepping-off place comes first, you may rest assured that The Man Who Knows The Ropes will be holding the strap which hangs nearest to Mr. A——, and his will be the form that will drop with a grateful sigh into that "vacant chair." *Magnum caput!* Mr. Man Who Knows The Ropes.

I received last week, too late, however, for publication then, the following letter from Kyrie Bellew, whose permission I have to publish it: "In reference to a part of our conversation yesterday, as to whether I was ever in Toronto before this week—emphatically, no! My elder brother, Evelyn, was a member of a stock company here years ago, but this is my first visit in any capacity to your charming and enthusiastic city." ST. GEORGE.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office].

Enquirer (London).—You allude to a rather common error. The wife of, let us say, Captain Drake should *not* be mentioned as *Mrs.* Captain Drake. Captain Drake and Mrs. Drake would be the proper way. The same applies to the wives of professional men. Mrs. Doctor Duck is just as odious as Mrs. Captain Drake. This is a vulgarism born on the other side of the line.

T. A. C. (Orono) asks "Is Mrs. Scott-Siddons at present in America? If so could you give her address?" To the best of our belief she is, her present whereabouts might be obtained by addressing to her care of Mr. Abbey, New York.

G. N. (Coe Hill).—No; we don't try our luck in lotteries. The manager's name is A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.

A. G. S. (no postmark).—See our reply to G. N.

J. A. C. (Orono) writes: "Kindly inform me as to the custom in eating vegetables which are placed on the table in small side-dishes. I want to know whether it is proper to lift the vegetables to one's plate before eating, or to convey the vegetables to the mouth directly from the dish?" It is not usual to have the vegetables on the table in small side-dishes, save at hotels; there it is entirely optional with the eater which course to pursue. One way is just as correct as the other.

A Reader (Norwich).—Write or apply to Mr. John T. Earls, Union Station, Toronto.

G. M. M. (Toronto).—How do we reconcile SATURDAY NIGHT's statement last week concerning Kyrie Bellew with the assertion made in a local paper that this player was once employed in a King street store? In answer to this we have simply to refer G.M.M. to our "Here and There" column this week, where he will find a satisfactory reason for the remarks made in last Saturday's "Stage Chat."

L. Carner (Lindsay).—It is rather hazardous for people who are very firm in their faith to marry out of their own religion. Still, love is said to work wonders, although we are somewhat skeptical on the subject of mixed marriages.

Baby (City).—It is just possible that you are "too rapid" to suit your gentleman friends. Try the effect of a more subdued demeanor, and believe us, you will find yourself much more acceptable to the other sex.

F. M. (Hamilton).—Sixteen years old are you, Frank? Don't you think a well-grown lad of your age should refuse gas for the mere pulling of a tooth? And don't you think you might summon up courage to ask your cousin to dance with you? Speak up as bravely as you can, and say, "May I have the next waltz," or, if you desire to put on especial frills for the occasion, "May I hope for the pleasure of dancing with you."

Esme (Oakville).—Certainly, two may, with propriety, go to the theater unaccompanied by a gentleman, always supposing that one of them is married or sufficiently of age to act as a chaperone. Should a gentleman come to speak to the young lady at the theater, the latter should at once introduce him to her chaperone, unless the two are already acquainted.

Jack (no postal mark on letter or envelope).—A gentleman precedes a lady in entering a theater, in order to make way for her. He secures her a programme, helps her on and off with her cloak, and looks after her comfort in every way, quietly and without making her the subject of remark. If there are two ladies in a box, the gentleman must take the seat behind. Evening dress, of course, but no gloves. In coming out the arm is offered in order to get the lady quickly through the crush.

Varsity Chat.

A warning, of most uncertain sound, has lately been given by the Senate with reference to attendance at lectures. As no percentage is stated as required, it would appear that much is left to the discretion of examiners. Possibly this explains the fact that no mention is made of an attempt to improve certain of the lectures. There's an idea.

If the object is to energize indifferent students, it will scarcely be attained. A stick is good enough to frighten children, but beyond that it is no use. It will be easy to put on a cheek just a little harder, and loll into lectures a perfect blank.

The old complaint about the disturbance created by students at public debates crops up. That they are themselves the hosts, so to speak, makes no difference; the noise goes on forever.

This latter consideration apart, there are as usual two sides to the question. Those who sit at the back of the hall and are compelled to look at a speaker whom they are quite unable to hear, are doubtless disposed to be lenient with the boys. Wooden benches (chairs, I beg pardon this time) are not conducive to patience.

Many who can hear are not anxious to listen too attentively, for that requires attention, that is to say, a species of exertion. The source of their toleration is apparent.

But for those who are earnest enough to become interested in the actual contest the noise is gall and wormwood. They go away and waste their energies in writing letters.

After all it is absurd to draw a rigid line. The public, as a whole, expect it, and although it is sometimes carried to excess and causes annoyance, still if there were no noise people would feel swindled, like the young Kewegas. Row has become an institution. A crowded hall is a mute answer to croakers.

I noticed at the football match with the Torontos last week Mr. R. M. Hamilton, B.A., who has recently returned after a long sojourn in the land of the heath and shaggy wood.

NEMO.

Thought Better of It.

A slim young man with shabby clothes, a big felt hat, long hair, hollow eyes, a wide mouth and a general air of seediness, dropped into the business office of SATURDAY NIGHT one day last week, and leaning over the handsome counter inquired of the gentlemanly clerk:

"Is the editor in?"

"Yes."

"Where can I find him?"

"Three flights up."

"Upstairs?"

"Upstairs."

"H-m! What kind of a man is the editor?"

"What do you want to see him for?"

"Sell him a poem."

"He's a big man."

"A big, fat man?"

"Not so fat—simply big."

"Sort of active and muscular?"

"Very."

"And his office is upstairs?"

"Upstairs."

"Does he ever come down?"

"Very seldom."

"Not for lunch or anything?"

"He has his lunch taken up to him."

"Are the stairs long?"

"Yes."

"And dark?"

"And dark."

"And narrow?"

"Very narrow."

"H—m. Do you know of any editor in Toronto who's a small, weak, thin-legged sort of man, and does business on the ground floor?"

"No."

"H—m. Well, I guess I'll go."

"Upstairs?"

"No."

Wit and Humor.

A pair of tights—two drunkards.

The people of Pittsburg wear the same soot all the year 'round.

A matter of some weight—proposing to a two-hundred-pound widow.

A touching sight—a small boy investigating a newly painted door.

All heirs are interesting, but the most interesting is the million heir.

The scenery of Switzerland is remarkably fine, but its climb-it is very rough.

The reason why a sailor is called a tar is because he is constantly pitched about the ocean.

Woman (to tramp)—How's the soup! Tramp—Tain't quite strong enough, ma'am. I wish you would wash a few more dishes in it.

An impudent fellow says, "Show me all the dresses a woman has worn in the course of her life and I will write her biography from them."

Georgie (taking in the dime museum)—What's that, pop?" Pop—That's a mummy, Georgie—Too stiff to speak to anybody, ain't he?"

"You have heard a cat purr, I suppose?" asked the judge. "Yes," replied the Major. "But outside of poetry you never heard a Cowper."

You needn't be afraid to tell secrets in a cornfield, for though they have so many "ears," yet their voices are so "husky" they can't tell what they hear

One of the saddest sights in this world of ups and downs is to see an "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" motto exposed for sale in a pawnbroker's window.

A wealthy young lawyer spent two days and a night over one case, and at the end of that time could not tell which side he was on. It was a case of champagne.

Large-hearted Churchgoer—Don't you think this doctrine of infant damnation a horrible one? Mr. Quiverful—I used to think so at the time of my first baby.

This is the order which a little girl brought into a chemist's shop the other day: "Mister Druggist—Please send epicac enough to throw up a four-year-old girl."

De Smithville (at the theater)—"Do you like tragedy, Miss Butcher?" Miss Butcher—"Oh, I dote on it. I always attend papa's slaughter-house twice a week."

"What are you up to now, old man?" "Engaged in literary pursuits." "Heh! Writing for the papers?" "Not exactly. I'm hunting up a journalist who owes me five dollars."

No love is so intense as that of eighteen-year old. He gets over it, of course, but while it's in motion it's sixty miles an hour, including stops.

Another Dirty Outrage.—They are now making what they call "tiger's iron" out of old fruit cans, thus robbing the nanny-goats of the country of their principal milk-producing food.

An exasperating editor being threatened with a coat of tar and feathers, said in his next issue: "The people of this town may break into somebody's henroost and steal the feathers, but we know that they are too stingy to buy the tar."

They have a good one just at present on a well-known Harlem lawyer who is noted for his absent-mindedness. He went up his own stairs the other day, and seeing a notice on his door, "Back at two o'clock," sat down to wait for himself.

"George," she said, "before we were married you were always bringing me rings and breastpins and vinaigrettes and things like that. Why don't you ever bring me anything now?" "My dear," replied George, "did you ever hear of a fisherman feeding bait to a fish he had caught?"

"Then I can count on you for a testimonial to my liver regulator?" Richly—"I can speak of it, doctor, in the highest terms." Empirico—"What evil did it cure you of, sir?" Richly—"Poverty, doctor, poverty. It laid my late lamented uncle out as stiff as a poker, and I was his heir."

"Miss Maud," he said, "I have come in this evening to ask you a question and I have brought a ring with me. Now, before you try it on, I want to tell you that if you feel inclined to be a sister to me I will have to take it back, as my father objects to my sisters wearing such large diamonds." And Maud said she would keep the ring.

John Cahill and his five-year-old boy hardly speak as they pass by. It came to pass a few days ago that the youngster got into some mischief that called for severe reprimand and slight corporal punishment. Mr. Cahill administered both, but as he was about to leave the room he heard the boy say to his mother: "Mamma, I think it's about time you got me a stepfather."

Cardinal Newman.

In view of his recent illness, a brief notice of Cardinal Newman is especially interesting just now. He is the son of a banker, born in London in 1801 and educated at Ealing. As a boy of fourteen, although very superstitious, he was fond of the works of Paine and Hume, but in 1816 a study of Romaine and other Calvinist writers effected an inward conversion, of which he wrote, in 1864, "I am still more certain than that I have hands and feet." From this year, too, he dates his vocation to celibacy. Entered Trinity College, Oxon, 1817; graduated in 1820; elected a Fellow of Oriel in 1822; took orders in 1824, and was Whately's vice-principal at Alban Hall in 1825. Shortly after his conversion, Newman was ordained at Rome, became head of the Birmingham Oratory, and in 1854 was appointed rector of the Catholic University of Dublin. Since 1858 he has conducted a higher class school at Edgebaston, near Birmingham. In the Catholic Church his position is somewhat like Falkland's in the camp of the Royalists. His convictions are at variance with his sympathies, and his "Reply to Mr. Gladstone" (1875) is characterized by a minimizing interpretation of the Vatican decrees, being less a confutation of the statesman than a subtle attack on the Ultramontanes.

Two Ex-Governor-Generals of Canada.

The members of the Simla United Service Club gave a splendid ball in the Kursaal about a month ago in honor of Lord and Lady Dufferin. The walls of the ballroom were hung with blue and orange—Lord Dufferin's colors—and the Irish phrase of welcome, *Cead mille failthe*, was placed over the dais in very large letters, exactly opposite the entrance. The floral decorations were superb. The guests had been requested to appear in full dress, so the scene was very brilliant, and the toilets and jewels were magnificent, the ball being, in this respect, the smartest that has been given in India for a long time past. Several ladies had procured their dresses from Europe. After supper (a repast worthy of Lucullus) Gen. Chesney proposed the health of Lord and Lady Dufferin, to which the Viceroy responded in a most charming little speech. Dancing was kept up briskly until nearly 4 o'clock. Lord and Lady Dufferin have arranged to leave Bombay for Brindisi by the P. and O. steamer sailing on Friday, Dec. 14, and they will go direct to Rome.

Lord and Lady Lansdowne started for India on Friday, the 16th, traveling by way of Brindisi. They were accompanied by Captain and Lady Florence Streatfeild, and the family leave by next week's P. and O. steamer, which will be the Sutlej. Lord and Lady Lansdowne paid a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham before their departure.

Singular Matrimonial Manœuvres.

The Dutch on the Isle of Marken, in the Zuyder Sea, have a good many singular customs. Children of both sexes are attired there in the same kind of garments until the women get married. Previous to that there are no perceptible distinctive marks between the boys and the girls, except that the boys wear a small button on their heads. A remarkable oddity among the children is also the fact that both boys and girls wear two long curls on their heads. When the girl is courted by the amorous Dutchman from Marken, the young swain appears at the home of his sweetheart every evening. The love-making is continued all night, and in the dark, too. There is a special room in the house set apart for that purpose. Here the couple stay till morning, but the young man has to leave the house, when the day breaks, and if he be found with his girl after dawn, he forfeits the right of ever spooning again. When the young damsel of Marken gets married she shaves the front hair of her head clear off and substitutes a false "bang," made of horse-hair, and this custom is justified by the reason that the married woman uses these means of making herself look ugly, in order to be never again thought pretty after marriage.

Another very peculiar custom among the people of Marken is this: When a girl gets married her father makes her bridal bed, which is built in the wall of the bridal chamber, in the shape of a cupboard, about three feet from the ground. In this bed the newly-married pair sleep the first night after their wedding. The next morning this cupboard is closed up, and is never used again by the wedding couple.

How a Woman Tries on Shoes.

When a woman tries on shoes sent home she performs altogether different from a man. She never shoves her toes into them and hauls until she is red in the face and all out of breath, and then goes stamping and kicking around, but pulls them on part way carefully, twitches them off again to take a last look, and seek if she has got the right one, pulls them on again, looks at them dreamily, says they are just right, then takes another look, stops suddenly to smooth out a wrinkle, twists around, and, surveying them sideways, exclaims: "Mercy, how loose they are!" looks at them again square in front, works her foot around so they won't hurt her quite so much, takes them off, looks at the heel, the bottom and the inside, puts them on again, walks up and down the room once or twice, remarks to her better half that she won't have them at any price, tilts down the mirror so she can see how they look from that way, backs off, steps up again, takes thirty or forty farewell looks, says they make her feet awful big and never will do in the world, puts them on and off three or four times more, asks her husband what he thinks about it, and then pays no attention to what he says, goes through it all again, and finally says she will take them. It's very simple.

A Possible Exception.

Miss Shadyside—How bored that poor Mr. Jonesy looks with that frivolous young thing he is with. I can always tell when a gentleman is bored.

Mr. Tiredtodeath (with a guilty start)—Bless my soul, you don't say so!

For Economy.

Hostess (of swell Thompson street soiree to guest)—Don' yo' dance, Mista' Ba'agrease?

Mr. Bearagrease—Well, to tell de truf ob dis matter, I yused to dance a great deal, but mo' recently ob late, I only dance when de berry coldest weather ter keep me wa'm.

Cakes for One.

Mr. Wraw Hamm (the eminent tragedian)—Waiter, ye may bring me a plate of buckwheat cakes.

Waiter—Yessir, yessir!

Mr. Hamm—And let them be brown on top.

Waiter—All right, sir.

Mr. Hamm—And sirrah, you——

Waiter—And sirrup? Yessir—all right, sir!

On the Wedding Eve.

Mr. Elvards—Just another day, Dolores, and I must think of it—we shall be one.

Voice from aloft (speaking through clinched teeth)—It's one already.

No Confidence in New Men.

Tramp (coughing)—No, mum, my health ain't none of the best. I've had this cough two years.

Woman—Why don't you do something for it?

Tramp—Well, mum, my family doctor died yistiddy, an' I hain't see a physician to-day what I'd like to trust my health with.

Doesn't Believe in Fees.

Head Waiter (in New York hotel)—Excuse me, sir, but you have been stopping with us for several days and I noticed that you have rather overlooked me in one essential particular.

Stranger—Certainly, I have. I'm head waiter of a Chicago hotel.

Head Waiter—Pardon me, brother.

Refined Cruelty.

Chairman of Vigilance Committee—Before the shootin' begins, friend, th' boys thought I orter read yer Dare to be Square.

Culprit—Fer heaven's sake, don't! I wrote it myself in '78. Let her spang, fellers!

In Union Square.

Officer—Come, you must move on, sir!

Old Otard (who has dined to well)—Sh! Don't you see that big fell' over there 'ah goin' to make a speech! I'm waitin' f' the rest o' the crowd to come!—*Puck.*

SECOND OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

GUELDA

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CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The next feat of skill was wrestling on horseback, and here Islay trusted that his weight and strength would stand him in good stead. Her hand dismounted, and, without waiting for offers of help from the attendant grooms, himself took off the saddle from his good black steed, for the riders were to struggle bare-backed.

Then he vaulted upon his horse again with an ease that called forth a murmur of admiring comments from some around. "Fresh as a daisy, by Jove!" "Never turned a hair!" growled a discomfited rival or two. "You can be be—some jockey fellow who is hankering after the silver mugs!"

"No matter for that—let the best man win, gentle or yokel!" exclaimed Islay, in a big, hearty voice, and swung himself more heavily than the unknown upon his bay mare. Then, looking a fine horseman also, and a dangerous opponent at this game, he rode out to begin the contest.

By twos and twos the wrestlers now began, shaking hands first in the good old fashion, to show no malice was meant or would be imputed in what was to follow.

Then the horses sidled still nearer, and with feints and retreats, quick attempts of both men to grip each other, as quickly evaded and repeated, the play commenced. The onlookers had caught each other, and then the wrestling took place in grim earnest—swaying, gripping, changing hold with quick clasps of the strong arms round the body or neck of the foe. In ten minutes half the wrestlers were on the ground; in a few more almost all the others were unhorsed. But through it all Islay Bertrand kept their seats triumphant—the stranger and Islay.

At last they only remained as combatants on the greensward. As both men rode up and gazed each other a somewhat grim shake of the hands, their grip expressed their mutual resolve to try to the very utmost for victory. All the spectators guessed as much; the interest was intense; in the wood behind a woodpecker could be heard in the stillness.

Now were at it, warily, dodging, eyeing, trying each other. Even their horses seemed to enter into the spirit of the strife and to be aiding their masters to the best of their intelligence.

Now and now—no; they have not caught each other yet! How slowly the minutes go! Will they never close in! Both men are so wary that the onlookers are tingling with impatience. A shout goes up; the duke has caught his rival. In another moment they are free again. A second attempt, this time on the Wanderer's part; another failure.

At last Islay, thinking to take his adversary unawares, tries to seize him round the neck with a sudden, lightning grip; but, quicker still, the other stoops forward low, and, catching Islay's heel, throws his good-looking leg with one vigorous heave over the mane of the bay mare. To his own surprise the duke alights on the ground, and finds himself standing upright on the off side of his steed.

The Wanderer had won. There was a momentary pause; then a sudden enthusiasm for his many successes seized the spectators, and a great roar of applause rang round the grassy ring and died away in the silent woods.

The ice-pegging and horse-vaulting, the tilting at the ring and wrestling on horseback were over. The last spear had been shaken, the last gallop taken; the sword-play was ended.

And now the golden sun was sinking in a blaze of glory behind the trees, and the last trumpet-blast announced that the jousting was finished.

The riders formed in procession and rode round the field, then drew up opposite to the Harvest Queen's car, and with some ceremony Guelda proceeded to award the prizes. Most other fell to the share of the Duke—save the Wanderer; but, as he was called on by Islay to receive silver cups and gold pins, he only bowed low, and, with a motion of his hand, signified whomsoever he had worsted, mutely declined the gift in favor of his rival. Scrope and Wyndham alone had wrested some honors from him.

Guelda grew more and more puzzled in mind as she stood in her car giving every winner of the day's honors a smile that she thought far sweeter and a brilliant glance that he found more dazzling than any trophies that fell to his share. It was with difficulty she could keep her thoughts on her duties and her eyes from straying towards the black-masked figure sitting immovably in the saddle, who rejected all her gifts.

At last Islay, as herald, announced in final stentorian tones that the Harvest Queen's prize was to be given to him who had shown himself in all points the worthiest in the late tournament. Once more the Wanderer was called; but this time he did not heed the call.

Riding up close to the car, and dropping his spear-point in token of homage, he bent forward with a courtesy, and bowed his head to receive the only prize of the day he seemed to covet. It was an old-fashioned gold ring, engraved with the Harvest Queen's name, in accordance with legendary custom, drew from her finger to present to a favored knight. Inside the circle was graven a posy or device, which Guelda herself had chosen—"Well done, well won!"

As the Wanderer's hand touched the prize, Guelda's eyes quickly noticed a slight tremor in her voice, unnoticed by all but herself. She was troubled at the secret influence which this unknown so strangely possessed over her.

The Wanderer seemed slightly surprised at the intimation, from a momentary movement that he made. But then, with a gesture of ready acquiescence, he took up his position assigned to him by Islay, and the gay pageant wound once more through the wood.

At the entrance to the stately old Abbey Lord Loudon and his elder guests, who had returned by a near path, stood to receive the Harvest Queen as she alighted from her car. The other dismounted from their steeds, and, with congratulations and laughter, assisted the troop of fair attendants from their wagons.

The black horseman alone remained mounted, to all appearance he wished to beat a retreat, but could not well extricate himself from the crowd of reapers, morris-dancers, and children who hemmed him in beside the narrow path.

"Hey, sir—you with the black mask," called out Lord Loudon, in his haughty voice, "will you not come in and share your fair lady's bride? It is your appointed place to sit beside the queen of the day. I shall be happy to receive you as my guest."

No answer came back; for a moment the stranger sat silent on his horse as if perplexed; then, with a proud salute that made him seem more noble even than before in the eyes of all, he backed his horse a few paces, evidently declining the offer of hospitality, and dropped his spear once more in farewell homage to the queen.

"Hallo—won't you stay! Pray at least let us know before you go who has beaten us all so thoroughly to-day; you have given us a good lesson in horsemanship, sir!" exclaimed Islay, in a frank cheery voice, laying his hand in a familiar fashion on his late opponent's bridle. The duke loved a good antagonist for being stronger than himself.

The Wanderer shook his head, but offered his hand to Islay, and both men exchanged a hasty grip. Then he rode at a good pace down the drive without once looking back, and was soon seen crossing the bridge on the high-road, after which he was hidden from view.

Many times that evening Guelda Seaton was lost in thought. As in a half-dream she presided at the great dinner given in the banqueting-hall to all the guests of Sheen Abbey and the neighbors near and far. She moved through the tents where a harvest supper was given to the reapers, and half-unheard the thanks meetly in return for the ringing cheers given for the Harvest Queen; but her eyes had a far-away look, and though she heard those words that night wondering surmises and talk concerning the black-masked stranger, she seldom or never herself uttered a word on the subject.

CHAPTER XI.

The next week another large house-party was gathered together, including Guelda and many of the late guests at Sheen Abbey. But this time the scene was changed to one very different and in another country. They were assembled together in the Duke of Argyle's great castle in the north of Scotland—a grim feudal pile, the cradle of his race. It was truly a fair and lordly demesne that stretched for miles around—a grim, gray castle, with turrets, with pepper-box turrets at all angles, and old walls that had withstood many an attack in by-gone days. At the back, behind the castle, there rolled a broad brown river, now foaming through beautiful glens where great boulders cracked its flow, and high cliffs narrowed its channel, again spreading peacefully in calmer scenery, and reflecting fine wooded banks in its glassy stream.

In the back ground of the castle spread noble woods of slender waving birch and sturdy massive fir trees, mingling with strange effect. There were great stretches of heather where only infant firs grew for miles and miles, the woods of future ages; then came glimpses of champaign country, with waving corn and meadow-land, then great rolling moors hazily tinted in a purple flush merging into tender golden-brown, the hues of the heather and bracken, and above all higher still, there could be seen bare hills, to the naked heads of which clung patches of snow here and there.

Guelda had been specially given the care of the Duke and Lady Grizel. She was with some difficulty persuaded to leave her old grandfather and Islay, for both she had broken down into tears, though he tried to hide his childish weakness, at the idea of her absence; but Lord Loudon sternly intervened. It was her duty to amuse the guests, and longing for the pleasure of Islay Castle, and snuffed out all her wiles and pretty subterfuges in attempted refusal, she went.

Pshaw! Bertrand ought not to want her always. He himself would be glad of rest—yes, of rest. London had fatigued him.

"Maude, I wish you to lead a bright life now, my child; I must not cage my singing bird too closely," said the old man, with a tenderness of manner never seen in his stern intercourse past days when his young wife was by his side in their spring time of life; but now he was growing old, and his thoughts were centering on the latest years will ripen at last when there is good in them.

Maude Seaton could hardly recognize in him the same master they had feared so long.

Lord Loudon looked after his grandchild when she left him for her journey, and a proud smile lit up his stern face.

"She will be a duchess," he thought to himself. "Poor Bertrand! Well, I shall at least be avenged together."

Even though tired by the long journey north, Guelda was vividly impressed by her first view of Islay Castle. The stern grandeur of its massive outer walls told of a time whose sway here had been historical and almost equal to kingly power, who indeed proudly still held sway over the highest vassal of all, who knew that of several apparently more mighty families. And within the arras-hung chambers were signs of every age of the Scottish—some gentle culture during generations stretching back in the Islay family to times when bards alone preserved history in their songs.

Islay himself seemed a different man upon his native heath. Guelda was half-awed to think how lately she had been highly ordering him to do her slightest bidding, feeling certain of being cheerfully obeyed—of how with a kindly inner forbearance she had excused his slowness of intellect because of his heavy-hearted friendship. And here she saw him looked up to with deepest reverence by hundreds of his clan, whose forefathers through long generations had proudly worn the Islay tartan and died for their chiefs on many a bloody field.

He was the first evening of Guelda's visit. All the afternoon she had been resting—since her arrival at noonday—sleeping soundly in the "queen's bed," of which the splendid spiral top-oak bedstead with its fine tapestry, standing far out from the couch itself, which was hung with crimson velvet and rare old point-lace. Which had been worked by some ex-quisitely carved in religious subjects, while a saintly figure in an attitude of blessing stood sentinel at each corner. The silver lamp chased by Benvenuto Cellini swung in the centre. Till Guelda came none but Scottish queens had ever habited her present suite of rooms, which had been fashioned for royal visits; but Islay had insisted on her occupying them—she was his queen.

When at dinner she had seen and awoke her. Guelda found herself being attired before a splendid Venetian mirror framed in mosaics silver-work, and she noticed with a quaint wardroves around were of ebony inlaid with traceries of ivory and tortoise-shell; everywhere, from the splendid Aubusson carpet underfoot, upwards with the royal arms, to the walls hung with tapestry, only objects of rare value, beauty and antiquity met her enraptured gaze.

No girl could have looked more queenly than Guelda when her toilet was finished. She stood in a moment studying her own reflection with a smile of girlish vanity rare with her. A train of rich white satin fell behind her in graceful folds, giving glimpses of a lining of *Point-de-Vif* green. The front of her dress was veiled with an embroidery of water-lilies in tiny seed-pearls, so delicate that it was a marvel how, forsooth, it was not crushed; while the exquisite fit of her bodice was a triumph of a very great artiste in feminine dressing. The rich green velvet with its gaining outlines of her perfect figure had been moulded into her regal robe. Round her snowy neck was only one row of pearls, but these of enormous size and brilliancy; from her ears hung a single diamond pendant of stones so brilliant in their soft fire they might well have belonged to the famous Islay diamonds. The necklet had been given to Guelda by her grandfather. "It was your grandmother's fortune," he said, a little quaver in his stern voice, as he himself clasped them round her throat before taking her to be presented to her Sovereign.

So robed, and crowned with her matchless hair, Guelda now swept down the corridors of the castle, a vision of perfect beauty. Enter-ing a well-lighted room, full of other side of which portraits of the family ancestors by Vandyck, Holbein, Lely, and later famous painters hung against a crimson background, Guelda's steps were suddenly arrested by the portrait of a former duke of Islay attired in black velvet jacket, with plaid and kilt of Islay tartan. The pictured face was so manly in beauty, with waving chestnut hair, broad open brow, and sea-blue eyes, yet with the firm eagle glance of a born soldier and the expression of a true gentleman—firm-lipped, self-reliant—that Guelda stayed enchained to gaze thereat.

The likeness so extraordinarily resembled Ronald Airlie that, despite its age, Guelda could hardly persuade herself that he had not sat for it. Feeling herself alone and free, indulge in her secret heart-worship, the girl stood a short time gazing at it with all her thoughts in her eyes; then a low sigh fluttered from her half-parted lips.

It was echoed close by. Guelda started, and, looking round, gave a faint cry of alarm, catching at a chair to support herself, for the ghost of the dead original—the very presentment of the portrait—stood a few steps away, silently looking at her with an intentness as rapt as her own.

"Have I frightened you?" Ronald Airlie asked, springing forward to her help; but only then startled girl recognized that this was the living man of flesh and blood. "Forgive me—I cannot guess what I have done, but still forgive me!"

Guelda's face was very white, and her lips paled with the sudden shock. But she tried to smile faintly, while her dark eyes looked full into his, just as they two had at each other on that first day in the Forest of Dean. Both remembered that; both had thoughts instantly flew back to that first great gladness of meeting, when perhaps they had vaguely seemed to themselves like two spirits who had met in some other world in times, each searching for the other, and who now had met at last on earth.

"It is nothing," murmured Guelda. "Only that picture—it is so exactly like you! No one told me you would be here; so, when I saw you, my foolish fancy could only conjure up some of those ghosts said to inhabit such old castles as this."

"My great-great-grandfather died too happily for his spirit to be troubled, I hope, down his life on the scaffold for his king," said Ronald, gently, but with pardonable pride, turning as Islay Bertrand of Islay of the Stuarts on a great and gallant soldier. "I am glad you see the likeness in feature; if I were but somewhat worthy of being his descendant in qualities of mind I should be better pleased."

"But this dress—I never saw you so before."

"It is only the evening dress of a Scotch gentleman," at home," said Ronald, smiling. "This velvet coat and the kilt of our family tartan—you will see many more in the drawing-room soon. Do you think strange enough to face the babel in there? No?—this time?"

"Yes," said Guelda, faltering, in the same breath.

Neither stirred, and both still stood silent, full of a strange, almost fearful joy. At last they moved slowly forward, as if against their will, side by side. They would not have stayed, but the world was calling them away just as they had found each other.

A servant threw open a pair of folding-doors before them, and they hesitated—paused—advancing together into a great drawing-room where some thirty guests were gathered. A spell must have been on the faces of Guelda and Guelda—it was the almost sacred bliss of their souls shining in their features, transfiguring both the girl so still greater beauty, the man to a yet nobler air—for a curious silence fell upon the buzz of conversation among the fashionable throng.

"What a handsome pair! They seem made for each other," whispered many around in different phrases.

Maude Seaton's eyes and Ronald Airlie were happy together at dinner. The charm still held them both as they talked in a peculiar quiet manner, because both felt an unreasonably glad. Their minds too were in such rare harmony that a mere word meant more between them than hours of talk with others.

"We seem to know each other's likings almost beforehand, do we not?" uttered Ronald impulsively at last in a low tone, looking for a moment into Guelda's pure face, with a curious, almost sad expression. "You are just what I knew you must be, after meeting you that one day in the Forest."

"Then you did remember me!" murmured Guelda quickly; but, dropping her eyes, confused, she added faltering, "And I too—I have a strange feeling as if we knew each other I of all people in the world should feel this!"

Airlie's exclamation was uttered so bitterly, with such true regret, that the girl asked, startled—

"And why not?"

But Ronald's answer was drowned in a wild burst of bagpipes. The Islay pipers had entered the dining-hall, as was their custom from the olden days, and were marching, in all their glory of full Highland costume, with proud strut and warlike air, round the long table, playing such a blast of savage music as thrilled the hearts of the Scotch guests and stirred Guelda too, though at first she felt bewildered. Only when it was over she asked again half pettishly, with a pretty glance of command—

"Will you answer my question, Captain Airlie?"

"Do you not know why?" was Ronald's answer, with a quick, searching look.

"Indeed no; I have no idea."

"Then forget what I said. Our paths in life are likely to diverge too widely, perhaps, and for ever! Meanwhile, may I drink your health silently!"

As Ronald raised his glass of wine with a faint inclination of the head, unnoticed by any of the others, but which Guelda knew by an indescribable something in his tone and look and manner, she felt a bounding in her eyes lighted upon his hand. She stared slightly, turned pale, and a silence fell upon them both—a speaking silence full of pain that was like pleasure.

"How grave you were at dinner!" said the duke half-jeering one evening to his honored guest of all, with some concern. "Ronald is generally so amusing, I hoped you and he would have got on together. What were you talking about?"

"Of thoughts more than things, of fancies, not facts, I believe," smiled Miss Seaton, in an absent manner.

"He is not half such good company as he used to be. I cannot think what is the matter with him," said Islay, with honest regret.

CHAPTER XII.

A week of splendid sport by day and of gaiety at night passed at Islay Castle. Noble stags had been killed in the forest, innumerable grouse on the moors. There were luncheons at noon, when Lady Grizel and her friends joined the sportsmen on their mountain lawns or sparkling burns in birch-shaded glens. And every day Ronald and Guelda met, and said little. Nevertheless, they thought they were two noticed aught—or at least only one pair of watchful eyes—they understood each other by the manner word taught with meaning, a passing glance. Both felt they were near each other, breathed the same air and were intoxicated with a like bliss that seemed a living dream. They were so much in sympathy that neither assumed to misunderstand this mutual, secret interest.

They had parted each other at first sight in the forest: they loved each other now with all their young passionate hearts: and yet no word of this had passed their lips. Why not? Guelda in her girlish shyness, Ronald in the secret was still, as it were, safe in their two hearts. But Ronald was fighting a stern inward battle against the forbidden love. Which would win? He dared not think.

It was a hot still afternoon. Half of the party who were untiring sportsman, among them Airlie, were gone miles over the moors. The rest, with most of the ladies, were now fishing where the brown river met a kyle or creek of the adjacent sea-firth, that stretched far inland, winding under the brown heather hills.

Lady Grizel was a capital fisherwoman, and standing upright in a large boat, threw her fly with repeated success.

"You are like a very magician who can draw out the fishes with his wand!" exclaimed Guelda, as again and again a splash and violent bubbling of the waters proclaimed a fine seatrout on her friend's hook.

Guelda herself did not care for fishing. The men of the party would mostly have been only too glad to devote themselves, if permitted, to the fashionable beauty and favorite of the day. Such income was never wanting to Guelda; besides, she was secretly considered the future mistress of Islay Castle. But she cared for none of them, and was no great lover of sport, like their hostess, sat for hours holding their rods with the patience of disciples of the gentle craft. Guelda soon felt maddened by the monotony. Her thoughts were roaming over the brown-purplish moors yonder where he was. She wanted to be alone, and to think.

"Grizel, my dear, I know you have I should like to row myself off wherever I please," she exclaimed suddenly, with a restless petulance which of late seemed to her companions a new charm—she was so bright, so caressing in manner, but so wayward in little matters.

Lady Grizel was grieved in heart to notice the change, though she answered, with a somewhat forced cheeriness—

"Why, of course! You are here to do just as you please, and go where you please, too, and don't go into danger. You are bored, dear," she added, very low, bending over her fishing-basket. "I am sorry for your sake we have had so on the moors; but perhaps for that of others it is as well."

"I have vexed you—you are annoyed with me!" murmured Guelda, smitten with quick compunction, and yet not knowing why.

"No, my dearest; I am only a little sorry for Islay." Lady Grizel's last words, which were uttered very kindly, but rather sadly, was standing upright the next moment, throwing her line far and lightly with splendid dexterity.

Guelda's cheeks had a charming glow as, seizing the sculls of the little boat, she rowed herself from her companions to Islay's and, feelings his heart beat quick with the love he no longer sought to repress, feasted his gaze unchecked now on the wild-rose flush of her cheeks, the brown radiance of the dusky eyes half-veiled by their modestly down-dropped lashes.

The path was in most places so narrow that they could not conveniently walk abreast. There was a little recess in the overhanging cliff, which rose so fringed with brushwood and trees clinging to its every colign to vantage that only stray glearns of sunshine shone down golden on the moss and rocks below.

Truly this man and maiden were a handsome pair. Ronald, in his velveteen shooting-coat and rough jacket, with gun on his shoulder, looked every inch a highly-bred gentleman. He was tall and broad-chested, and, though lightly, yet strong, as if wrought in steel; and there was such human kindness and honest earnestness to be read in the firmly-cut features, the broad, open forehead, face, and such an unusual strange light full of expectant great joy in his eyes, that Guelda, scanning him in one swift glance, felt proud in her heart of being his lover—for Guelda knew had been and was still silence between them on this subject, they understood each other.

With a sudden coyness Guelda tried to pass on up the path, albeit she wanted to stay there beside Ronald; but Airlie barred the way.

"One little moment!" he pleaded. "Are you in such not haste to leave me? And yet perhaps I am the only one of these men here who has never walked beside your shooting-pony, never rowed you in a boat with you in all your expeditions this last week. You know that."

"Yes," said Guelda slowly; then, raising her eyes full to his, with frankness shining from over in their brown depths, she added as one word, "Why?"

A sudden spasm of pain furrowed deeply Airlie's brow as he drew nearer, the muscles about his mouth twitching slightly.

"You cannot guess! Do you know of no reasons—reasons which in honor ought perhaps to hold me back?"

"None," replied the girl simply and bravely. "The question of honor would surely not affect coquetry on a subject that affected his or her happiness so greatly.

"But there are then," broke from his lips, with a quick, sharp sigh. "For the first, do you know that I am poor—almost pennless in the opinion of society—and that you, they say, come to be a duchess—the Duchess of Argyle?

"You remember how poor I was that day when first we met!" murmured Guelda. "Now that I have tried very hard to be good, but not the best thing in the world. I do not care to be a duchess—that is not my idea of happiness."

Airlie had reached his gun against the rock, and now approached still closer to the girl, as if drawn irresistibly, in spite of some other feeling that seemed to have gained ascendancy.

"Miss Seaton," he said, huskily, "I feel a traitor towards my more than brother. Some months ago I had intrusted me with a secret—his love for you. It is no secret now—you know it even by common report. He thought for a certain reason that I was the last person living likely to share his feelings towards you, little guessing the truth. Partly for his sake, partly for my own, I avoided you while I could; but the truth has come out now, and I love you now, oh, Heaven! what might he think of me—he who has treated me like his other self, and trish whom he has trusted as a brother? I believe, if I would take it from him! For Guelda, you know I love you!"

The veins on his temples swelled. He looked at Guelda with a yearning gaze full of great love that overbore all other thoughts for the moment, as a strong current sweeps down narrow ways, and, affection, and his sense of honor towards Islay were tugging at his heart-strings. Even at that moment, when all was hung widely, in a rapture of anticipation—nay, believed from Guelda's frank, brown eyes that met his own glowing gaze with trusting candor—that he had but to ask and the treasure he had sought so patiently, he longed for, would be his, his very own, the thought of his friend and the conflict of feeling might be read in the strained expression of his firmly-cut features.

Said Guelda softly, with a choking voice—

"There was once a rich man who had many flocks and herds, and there was a poor man—whom he loved and who loved him—that had only one—"

"Ah, Guelda, no, no! He would not willingly take my one lamb from me—no. It is I who would rob him if I could."

"I think he is the ewe-lamb who would never be happy in the rich man's stall," retorted Guelda, still lower, breathing hurriedly, a very April of tears and smiles and new-born blushes on her face, with a tremor in her voice, while her voice broke. "She would never be happy away from—"

Airlie gave a stifled exclamation, and made a sudden movement forward; but Guelda, with her two hands outstretched, warded him back.

"Listen—listen!" she uttered, almost solemnly, yet with eagerness. "Would he be happier to know that he spoke to me about this—the Duke, your cousin—some time ago at Sheen? Every word I could speak upon him as I fear he wished. Still he asked me henceforth to treat him always as a brother; and he is so good and loyal to me, as you see. Indeed, indeed I do not think that he can have greatly cared!"

"Thank Heaven!" uttered Ronald, in accents of the most fervent almost disbelieving joy. "Not care greatly! Impossible! But your news sets me free; I may dare—"

"To be happy, if I can make you so," answered Guelda, almost in the same breath as his own last words, ending his thought.

(To be Continued.)

Remembrances.

Wife—(revisiting the scene of her betrothal)—I remember, Algernon, so well when you proposed to me, how painfully embarrassed you were.

Algernon—Yes, dear; and I remember so well how kind and encouraging you were, and how very easy you made it for me, after all.

danger; but I only thought to join you fishing," answered Roland in a low tone; then, with a playful tenderness—"What a little unbeliever you are! Are you satisfied at last that I do not want to kill any more grouse to-day!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Ronald sculled Guelda across the kyle and pulled the boat ashore where a burn slipped shallow and in broken ripples over the weary bed; then passing through thickets of wild raspberries and dog-roses, they entered the little glen. It was indescribably beautiful that day.

On either side rose seventy feet of cliff or sheer bank, narrowing at places till barely a rocky path was left beside the burn, again widening into little open glades where grew wide-spread Norway pines whose heads almost reached the cliff-tops, and were mingled with the heather and firs of the upper-air moor. Each tall tree was a silent poem of nature.

Down here not a leaf stirred. Through its rocky bed strewn with boulders the burn hurried to the shore, gurgling here silver-voiced, murmuring there in deeper tones. The sound of falling water made music everywhere, the honeyed smell of purple heather filled the air. Its fresh-washed tints, after the night's rain, showed on thick clumps between the rocks and sides in a sudden surprise. The firs loomed all round redder-barked, darker and sturdier than usual; the larches were of a more feathery green and the stems of the bluish-leaved graceful birches seemed newly silvered in honor of these two lovers. All over the high banks beside them the broom clung in mid-air, blackly tasselled and yellow-flowered; the rowan-bushes were aflame with their rosy-red or pale-golden leaves set on fire by Autumn's kiss.

"What a little Eden this seems for our ourselves!" said Ronald presently, in low tones, as he drew Guelda nearer to his side, and, feelings his heart beat quick with the love he no longer sought to repress, feasted his gaze unchecked now on the wild-rose flush of her cheeks, the brown radiance of the dusky eyes half-veiled by their modestly down-dropped lashes.

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Algernon—Yes, dear; and I remember so well how kind and encouraging you were, and how very easy you made it for me, after all.

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

HELENA RECEIVES A STARTLING NOTE.

Helena Stewart darted with the speed of light over the lawn, and gained the house, sped up stairs to her own room, where, locking herself in, she sank, panting and trembling, upon a chair, her face ghastly as the face of the dead.

"Oh, what shall I do? He has traced me even here!" she moaned, pressing her hand to her side to still the frightened beating of her heart.

She sat cowering there for some time, the picture of abject fear and mental suffering.

At last, however, she threw up her head with a defiant gesture.

"What does it all matter?" she said. "He can prove nothing; and if he should betray me, it will not amount to anything, unless I choose to own— I can not—I will not—and yet my heart is divided. Percy Morton is a king among men; if I could win him, the past would be a sealed book forever, the future a dream of delight. But that girl must be got out of the way, or he will become infatuated with her. She may win his lordship, and welcome, if he wants to make a low governess the future Duchess of Osterly," and her beautiful lips curled with a cruel, mocking smile. "She is pretty enough for any position, I am bound to admit"—one thing Helena Stewart never did was to underrate her enemies—"well-educated, accomplished, and fascinating, and it's evident he'd be delighted to have her, though I question if his aristocratic grandmamma would be willing to receive any one so far beneath him socially. One thing is settled, however—I shall never become the Duchess of Osterly, mamma's ambitious schemes to the contrary notwithstanding. I will win Percy Morton, or no one—I will be no other man's wife!"

She arose as she said this, an expression of resolute purpose on her fair face.

She crossed the room and looked at herself in the glass, and was startled by the reflection of her pallid face.

"Everybody would exclaim that I had seen a ghost if I should go below like this," she said, with a bitter smile. "And so I have—the ghost of a past that frightens me to think of. Why couldn't he have staid in America, among his dry-goods and small wares! I do not care" she went on, almost fiercely; "let him do his worst! I shall brave it out to the end. I do not believe he can do much but threaten; and if he can—why, there is a last resort."

She sponged her face with cold water and wiped it with a coarse towel, thus producing a more natural color, and having given a few additional touches to her toilet, she descended once more to the company.

She found Dr. Morton dancing with Hazel, while Lord Nelson was standing in a corner watching her with gloomy eyes.

Helena sat down and allowed her glance to follow them for a few moments, and her heart grew even more bitter and resentful at what she saw. Hazel was giving herself up to the charm and delight of being with Percy, forgetting in his dear presence the fact that everybody believed them to be comparative strangers while she laughed and chatted with him with innocent freedom and pleasure. Her face was flushed, her eyes gleamed, and her whole manner betrayed how glad she was to be with him.

"It is perfectly scandalous!" Helena muttered. "She will march out of this house before she is many weeks older, if not by fair means, then by foul."

The moment that Hazel was released Lord Nelson was by her side claiming her promise to go to the refreshment-room with him; after that he tried to entice her out of doors into the moonlight, where he meant to tell her something of the love and fond hope in his heart. But his manner betrayed more than he meant it should, and Hazel made some excuse about being obliged to find Belle, and thus, for a time, the tale remained untold.

Lord Nelson feared that her grace the duchess would oppose his choice; he knew too, that she was very anxious that he should marry Helena Stewart, but he had made up his mind to choose for himself, and that Hazel Gay should be his wife if he could win her.

Thus, in music and dancing, in gayety and pleasure, the days at Brighton slipped by, and no one enjoyed it all with more zest than Belle and Hazel, who, by the faithful performance of their duties during the early part of the day, felt that they had earned a right to make the most of the recreation that followed.

Percy came to Brighton every other day, and sometimes oftener, for his duties in London were not heavy just now, and Sir Henry insisted that he should play while he had the chance, saying he would have to work hard enough to pay for it by and by.

He became very much attached to Charles Harwood, and this good feeling was returned by that young man, who found much to admire in Percy.

Mrs. Harwood smilingly called them her "two boys," for Percy made his home with them, at their earnest solicitation, while he found himself growing very fond of the sweet, beautiful woman who made everything so pleasant for him.

One afternoon young Harwood and Percy were strolling along the beach smoking their after-dinner cigars, but neither seemed to be in a very social frame of mind, Charles Harwood, especially, appearing to be depressed and troubled about something.

All at once he broke out, impulsively:

"I say, Morton, I want to ask you a very personal question, if you won't think it too impertinent."

"Lay on, Charlie," Percy returned, searching the young man's face with a critical glance.

"I am afraid I ought not, and yet I am driven to it," he returned, a deep flush mantling his brow. "I want to ask if you have any special claim upon Miss Gay. I have a particular reason for asking."

"What reason? Give me your confidence, Charlie; you may safely do so," Percy said, with grave kindness.

"Hang it! that isn't easy to do, Morton," replied his companion reddening again. "Sometimes I've thought you were going to Miss Stewart, and then again I'd feel sure that dear little 'hazel-eye' was your inamorata. If it's Miss Stewart, then I'm all right; but if you have a prior claim upon Miss Gay, I'll just step out of the way altogether, and not trespass upon your territory."

Percy flushed at this, then grew very white about the mouth; but he bravely put his own feelings out of sight and quietly remarked:

"So, then, you are partial to Miss Gay."

"Partial! why, Morton, she's a girl that a man could die for! There! you have my secret now. Hazel Gay is more to me than any other woman in the world. I have imagined that you were fond of her, too, and so I thought it would be only honorable in me to let you know where I stand."

"Have you ever intimated anything of your feeling to—Miss Gay!" Percy inquired, in the same quiet tone as before.

"Not a word as yet."

"But you wish to do so!"

"Yes. I should have done so ere this, but that I half suspected there was some understanding between you and Hazel. Somehow, she always seems more free and happy with you than with any one else," the young man confessed, with a sigh.

A bitter pang shot through Percy's heart as he listened to this revelation. He deeply, devotedly loved Hazel, and he knew that her image alone would be enthroned upon his heart as long as he lived; still, his love was so great, so self-sacrificing, that he would not stand in the way of any one else who was worthy of her, provided he was the man of her choice. He could live on and make no sign, if she was only happy. He was surprised to learn that Charles Harwood loved her; true, he had been attentive to her, but in a very quiet way. He believed that Lord Nelson Hartwell would be the winner in this race for her love, but Charles should have his chance.

All this was like the torture of the rack to him, but, save for his extreme pallor, he gave no sign of the keen agony he was suffering, and, after a momentary struggle for the mastery over himself, he turned to his companion and said, with a quiet smile:

"Thank you for your confidence, my friend, and you need have no fear of me as a rival. If Miss Gay loves you well enough to become your wife, I would not lay a straw in your way, but rather pronounce my benediction upon your happiness."

"Then it is Miss Stewart, after all!" exclaimed the young lover, turning to Percy with a beaming face.

If he could have seen how this dagger entered Percy Morton's soul, he would have shrunk back appalled.

"I admire Miss Stewart, certainly. She is very beautiful," he returned, with that same steady quietness. "But you forget, Harwood, that I am only a poor doctor, struggling up the ladder of fame, and it would be the height of folly in me to presume to do more than admire the gifted heiress from a distance."

"Pshaw! you underrate yourself; and, if I am not mistaken, Miss Stewart would not chide you for any presumption of that sort. The richest and most gifted woman in the world might feel honored to secure you for her husband."

"I might suspect you of the rankest flattery if I did not know you so well," Percy said, smiling; "but there are few people living who would take such a view of what limited good qualities I may possess. But have you no fear of Lord Hartwell as a rival? He, too, seems very much attracted by the lady whom you profess to adore."

Percy tried to speak naturally, but his throat was dry and parched, and his temples were throbbing painfully.

Young Harwood's face clouded.

"That is so," he said. "Still, I have not feared him as much as I have you, if the truth were known, because I do not believe he has the slightest intention of offering marriage to Miss Gay."

"What!"

Percy turned upon the astonished young man, fury blazing in his eyes.

"Good gracious, Morton! how you do fire at a fellow! One would almost think that you were Hazel Gay's guardian, to be upset about it; but, you see, those Hartwells are a proud race. Her grace, the duchess, is one of the most intensely aristocratic women in England, in spite of her goodness, and I do not believe she would ever consent to have her grandson make a mesalliance. Besides, it is my private opinion that she has her eye upon the Stewart millions."

This was Percy's opinion also, although he did not believe that Lord Nelson was in sympathy with any such plan. He was fully convinced that the young lord was deeply and honestly in love with Hazel; but Harwood's hint that he might be amusing himself at the beautiful girl's expense, had set all his blood boiling.

Still, he felt that, under the circumstances, he was betraying more feeling than was wise; so he remarked, with assumed composure:

"Well, I think that Miss Stewart, with or without her millions, would wear a duchess' coronet very gracefully."

"Whew!" ejaculated his companion, astonished. "I imagine you are not very hard hit, after all. If you can complate such a contingency with that calm fortitude. But," he added, tossing away his cigar, "I promised to join a progressive euchre party there to-night. I shall go with a lighter heart than I should have had but for this conversation."

Percy was also invited to make one at the euchre party; but he was not ready to go, and allowed his friend to leave him, for he wanted to be alone. He had never been heavier-hearted in his life than since receiving young Harwood's confidence. Not because he feared that he would win Hazel—he felt quite sure that she had no regard for him beyond that of a friend—but he did fear that she was learning to love the young lord.

He strode back and forth over the sands, after young Harwood had left him, a tumult of feelings rioting in his heart while the veins stood out full and hard upon his forehead.

He had not been very much of Hazel during the last week or two; she had not mingled in company quite so freely, because Belle had been ailing, and Mrs. Stewart would not allow her to keep late hours, and so Hazel had preferred to remain with her, the only trial connected with it being the fact that she was deprived of seeing Percy.

Whenever she did go out, either Lord Nelson or Charlie had monopolized her attention so that he could get no private conversation with her, without making them both conspicuous.

In spite of his belief that Lord Nelson was an honorable man and would not wilfully do Hazel an injury, he could not help feeling troubled by Harwood's suspicions.

"If he is playing with her he deserves to be shot," he said, chafing savagely against the thought, yet feeling powerless to interfere, because no one knew that he had any right to guard Hazel, and any such interference might make matters very awkward for her.

He had bitterly repented many times having yielded to her request; he hated deception in any form, and it was very annoying to him to be obliged to occupy such a false position.

He remained there by the sea-side, a long time battling with himself, with his pain and rebellion, and then, unable to tear it any longer, he, too, turned his steps toward Crescent Villa.

He found a gay party assembled there, fourteen in all, including himself.

He was very coquettish with their cards, except Hazel, who was quietly sitting one side, watching the game and studying the players.

She looked up as Percy entered, a flush of joy tinging her cheek, and her eyes lighted with a glad look of welcome as they met his, while she gave him a cordial nod of welcome.

Helena, watchful of every change in her countenance, saw it all, and closed her white teeth with a vicious snap. She gave a sigh of relief, however, when, a moment later, she saw Hazel quietly leave the room.

Helena, too, greeted Percy with great cordiality, and was wondering what she should do, for the tables were full, and she did not wish him to feel that he was de trop, when a servant approached and whispered something in her ear.

A startled look shot into her eye. The next moment she turned to Percy saying, brightly:

"You are just in time, Dr. Morton, to take my place, for I am obliged to leave for a while."

"What is it, Helena?" Mrs. Stewart asked, having observed the servant's summons.

"Only a message; I imagine madam has sent the bill for that dress," Helena responded, in a low tone. "Sit down, doctor," she added, with playful authority, "and make up by your skill for the bad hand that I have dealt myself."

"Very well, I will do the best I can until you return," Percy answered, taking her chair, but wishing very much that he might have escaped playing; he would have much preferred to follow Hazel and have a quiet chat with her.

He took up Helena's cards and arranged them, as she passed from the room, a troubled look on her fair face.

She found a small boy waiting in the hall for her.

"What do you want?" she asked, searching his face anxiously.

Without a word he put a note into her hand, then turned, and quietly disappeared.

A vivid color shot up to the girl's brow, her bosom heaved, and her heart gave a startled bound as she tore it open and recognized the handwriting within.

These were the words which she read:

"HELENA.—I am waiting at the entrance to the summer-house to see you. I will wait for you just one half hour. If you do not come by the end of that time, I shall go boldly to the house, send in my name, and inquire for you.

"C."

CHAPTER XXIII.

HELENA'S SECRET AND HAZEL'S INJURY.

Helena crushed the paper in her hand with angry vehemence, then, after darting a quick glance around, to see that no one was near to observe her, she slipped out of the house, passed swiftly down the steps, and walked with a quick, firm tread toward the summer-house.

The night was dark and cloudy; not a star was visible, and it was difficult to distinguish objects two yards away.

Helena shivered slightly, and glanced about her with something of fear and dread as she passed over the lawn to obey the imperative summons that she had received.

As she drew near the summer-house, her eyes having become somewhat accustomed to the darkness, she could faintly discern the outlines of a tall form standing just in front of it.

"You have come," was the greeting that fell upon her ear, spoken in a rich, low voice that trembled slightly and had a note of sadness in it.

"Of course; I could not do otherwise," Helena returned, in a cold, scornful tone.

"Let us enter the summer-house and sit down; I have much that I must say to you, Helena," said the man, stepping aside to allow her to pass.

But Miss Stewart drew haughtily back.

"No, Chester: whatever you have to say to me, you will say to me here and now, and as briefly as possible, for I hate to keep waiting me," she returned, frigidly. Then she added, with a note of passion in her tone, "I do not see why you need pursue me thus. Why not let me alone? You have nearly been the means of my death once, and you endanger my safety and good name by this persistent persecution."

"Why? Can you ask, Helena, when you know how I love you—that you are the life of my life?"

"Yes, you have remarked something to that effect several times before," she retorted, sarcastically; "but I tell you I will not be watched and hunted—you have no right to follow me thus."

"No right? I have every right, Helena," was the reply, in a sad voice, accompanied by a heavy sigh. "I have no wish to persecute you, to make you unhappy; but you know that, by virtue of all that has passed, I have a perfect right to seek you wherever you are and whenever I choose. You thought I could not find you when you were flitting from place to place in this country; but I did, as I ever shall do, at Kingston. You thought to escape me again when you came here; but, Helena, this world is not large enough for you to hide yourself from me—my love would guide me to you by instinct,

"Your love!" she repeated, bitterly, and giving vent to a little mocking laugh that made her companion catch his breath with a quick gasp of pain.

"Yes, my love," he returned, firmly; "you know that it is as true as truth itself, and as pure as ever existed in the heart of an honest man. Helena, when do you intend to do what is right?"

"Your idea of right differs from mine," she angrily retorted. "Do you consider it right to force me into a life that would be a living death to me?"

"Good heavens, Helena! Do you feel like that?" cried her companion in a voice of anguish. "Have you ceased to love me—nay, do you actually despise me, as your words seem to imply? Have you forgotten all the past?"

"No; I remember it but too vividly," she retorted, with passionate anger. "I would that I could blot it forever from my memory."

"Enough!" said the man, sternly, but in a voice that was hoarse with pain. "I will not sue for a reluctant love, but I believe it would have been far different if I had not been a poor man. I know that you loved me once, and I believe that if you thought I could give you wealth and a title, even now, you would not corn me as you appear to do. I know that you love luxury and pleasure far too well to sacrifice them and share the life of one who could not give them to you. You would have stabbed me to the heart, and I believe you incapable of loving anyone but yourself. I shall never sue to you again, but I shall at least assert my rights and shield you enough to prevent you from committing a great wrong. Report says you are going to marry Lord Nelson Hartwell, but you shall never wrong him or yourself simply to gratify your insatiable ambition."

"Allow me to make a slight correction," Helena replied, coldly. "Report is wrong for once. I am not going to marry Lord Nelson Hartwell; although I confess," she added, with an undertone of malice, "I should keenly enjoy wearing a duchess's coronet."

"Then, perhaps, you have transferred your affections to that handsome young physician with whom I saw you in the aquarium last Tuesday."

"You saw me?" cried Miss Stewart, surprised.

"Yes, I have seen you many times of late; and, Helena, there was a time when you looked up into my eyes with the same look as you now bestow upon him—when you showered the same fond smiles upon me."

He bent forward, laying his hand upon her arm, and seemed to be trying to pierce the darkness for one look into her face.

"Do you love him?" he fiercely cried; "tell me, do you love him?"

She shook herself free from him with angry impatience.

"You shall not question me thus," she returned, in a trembling tone. "You know that the hold you claim to have upon me amounts to nothing; but, if you persist in this persecution, there is one thing that I can do, and then defy you to do your worst."

The man staggered back against the summer house with a groan of despair.

"Helena, you do not mean that; you would not drive the last hope from my heart by such an act," he pleaded.

Then, as if maddened by her threat, he caught her hands in his and drew her toward him.

"You shall not! you cannot! it will not avail you. Listen!" he cried; and then he spoke a few rapid sentences, in a hoarse, fierce tone, sentences which seared her heart like molten lead, and made her shiver and cringe with mortal fear.

"This is my last appeal to you," he added, in conclusion; "you have spurned the truest heart that will ever beat for you, and I shall never humble myself to you again! But beware! I warn you not to add to the wrong you have already committed; while you live single I will not trouble you, but if you dare to deceive any one else to gratify your ambition, your doom is sealed! I will not spare you!"

He threw her hands fiercely from him as he ceased, and had disappeared in the darkness before she could utter one word of protest against his dark threat.

She was trembling from excitement and panting with fear so that she could scarcely stand, and, staggering within the summer-house, she sank weak and exhausted upon a seat to rest and collect herself before attempting to return to the house.

(To be Continued.)

A Doorstep Dialogue.

A woman called at a house on Cass avenue, and asked the lady if she could sell her some paints.

"I am not an artist, and do not use any paints," said the lady.

"But this is paint for the complexion," answered the woman.

"I do paint my face," said the lady preparing to close the door.

"Well, it would look better if you did," retorted the other as she turned to go.

A Gentle Hint.

Madame—Jane!
Kitchen Maid—Yessum.
Madame—It is eleven o'clock; tell your young man to please shut the door—from the outside.

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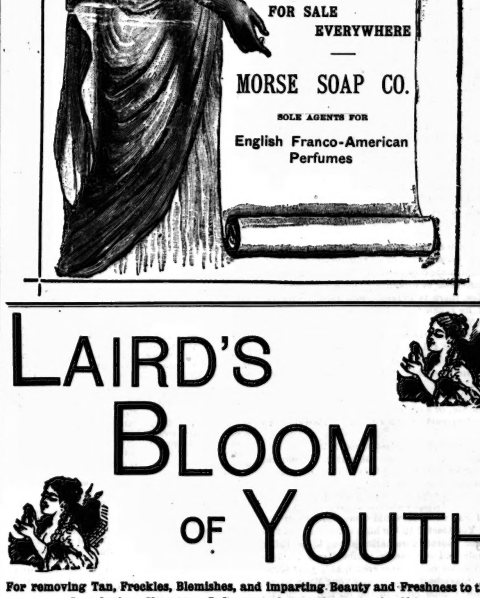

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SIGNORA RISTORI.

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The Bugtown Poet.

The average person—who is a non-poetical genius—imagines that writing verse is as easy as rolling down hill. There is a popular

usion that if the would-be poet merely begs a rhyming dictionary, selects a theme from a spelling book, rolls his eyes in "fine frenzy," and makes a fair start with some such rhapsodical attempt at metre as—

O, maid, with azure eyes and cheeks of thistle down,

or,

I would be a skylark soaring through the air;
I would be a rosebud in my lady's hair,

rhymes will flow from the nib of his pen—provided the ink bottle holds out—like silver spray from a sprinkling pot, to the surprise of the poet and the delight of the public.

The Society of Poetical Culture recently organized at Bugtown, Ont., is devoting a large share of its means and mental vigor to the encouragement of the art of verse-making in rural districts among kitchen maids and plow boys, with a view to lifting them up from the clods of earth. In this higher circle of philosophers and rhyme-tinkers a fair article of poet is guaranteed to be turned out on short notice, with the necessary addenda of long hair, sad, mournful eyes and high cheek bones.

One of the most promising proteges of this new society for social cult. is a young man named Byron Homer. His first obstacles to poetic soaring were his poor spelling, a defective ear and a tendency to rhyme "oysters" with toy stores and similar idiosyncrasies. But he finally triumphed over these obstacles by limiting himself to words of two syllables, and by writing so badly that if things came out incorrectly he could swear at the proof-reader and undertake to turn that guileless soul into seventeen kinds of mincemeat at the first available opportunity.

His first month's flirting with the Muse was rich in poetic experience. The Bugtown *Exterminator* printed his verses. Its editor, who was a sallow man of good horse sense, which is more than most sallow editors have, referred to Homer in the local columns, as "a rising young poet." Homer had no manuscripts "declined with thanks," and in compensation for his verses was sent three extra copies of the *Exterminator*. In these he would mark his soulful efforts with a blue lead-pencil and distribute them among his most particular lady friends.

But one day the editor of the *Exterminator* was exterminated. A gentleman with a scythe and forelock called to see him, and the editor was so infatuated with his appearance that he went out of business. His position was filled by a new man who possessed an obdurate critical spirit. Several of Homer's poems were tossed into the waste-basket. This stung the young man's pride to the quick, but he did not despair. He kept patching up rhymes full of heart-break and soul.

A few days ago he rushed into the editorial sanctum of the *Exterminator*, radiant with smiles, while the editor was busy with scissors and paste-pot writing a leader.

"There," he said, flinging a manuscript on the table, that almost fluttered into the paste-pot, "how's that, boss? Guess I've gotter now."

The editor unrolled a sheet of blue-lined paper and read the following—

THE ROSE AND THE KISS.

She gave me a rose and I gave her a kiss
In the myrtle-crowned month of May,
Such favors, I'm sure, do not come amiss—
Ah, me! She meant it in play.

The rose is now dead, the kiss is forgot;
As buds drink the dew-drops in May,
I'll wait for my love in a sunnier spot—
Perhaps she'll come that way.

"You start off well," said the esteemed contemporary.

"'She gave me a rose, and I gave her a kiss.'

"That sounds well. It has a poetic ring and reminds me of Shelley."

Homer smiled.

"Then the next line:

"'In the myrtle-crowned month of May.'

"I like that. It has amplitude. It is neither forced nor far-fetched. Your spelling has improved too."

Homer smiled again.

He suggested something to the editor. Then they went out and they both smiled. Presently they returned and the editor continued:

"'Such favors, I'm sure, do not come amiss—
Ah, me! She meant it in play.'

"Well that will do. The sigh and tremolo so to speak, of the last line give a flutter of pathos. Some people like pathos. It is a good thing in its way, but I prefer humor as a rule. Now for the next verse:

"'The rose is now dead—the kiss is forgot.'

More pathos. Dead roses and forgotten kisses are legitimate objects of poetic interest. There is a good deal of romance about a dead rose."

"Yes, there is indeed," said Homer affably, as if he fancied the editor would be glad to know it.

"Pretty nearly as much as there is about a dead dog or a dead poet," continued the editor musingly. "Did it ever strike you that way?"

"I can't say that it did," said Homer uncertainly.

"Well, if nothing else strikes you—the side of a house, or a club or anything, you're pretty lucky," remarked the editor. "However, to proceed:

"'As buds drink the dew-drops in May.'

A good line," continued the editor. "Smooth, suggestive, flowing, and the spelling all correct."

Homer's heart beat audibly.

"'I'll wait for my love in a sunnier spot—
Perhaps she'll come that way.'

Ah, I was said it would come. Here you trip up. You started in too high a key. If you had recalled Horace's remarks about ideas being vaguely and confusedly jumbled together like the dreams of a disordered brain, your sense would have been clearer, and your Muse would not have gone lame in the off leg. You say, 'You'll wait for your love in a sunnier spot, as buds drink the dew-drops in May.' I wouldn't advise you to wait. You might go out and fill up on beer or kiss another girl. Suppose we change it to that effect?"

"I would rather not," faltered Homer. "It would spoil the sense."

He had founded the poem on actual experience, and, when printed, intended to convey it to a pretty choir-girl in the Methodist Church, whom he secretly adored.

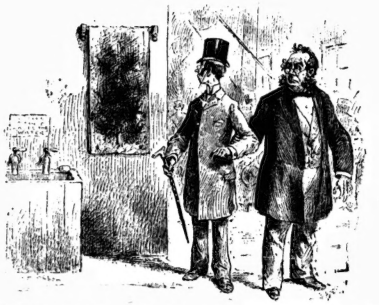
"Spoil the sense!" echoed the editor, impatiently. "Do you think that's possible? Well, perhaps I'll fix it up myself if I get time. We can't use it as it stands. Good day."

In the following issue of the *Exterminator*, the poem appeared as follows:

She gave me a rose, and I gave her a kiss,
Though her lips in a pout had said "Nay,"
'Twas a wee little kiss—oh, it came not amiss,
But the cruel one meant it in play.

The rose is now faded, the kiss is forgot,
Yet, as buds seek the showers of May,
I'll pucker my mouth in a sunnier spot,
And buss her again some day!

A Natural Error.



Near-sighted Friend, pointing to the office towel (to business man, who is showing him through the printing office)—My dear fellow, what possessed you to hang that exquisite impressionist sketch in this noisy, hum-drum, matter-of-fact place?—*Puck.*

A Visit to Walt Whitman.

It was on a clear, bright, sunny day in the month of September that I crossed by the ferry the Delaware river for the purpose of seeing for the first time in my life the "good, gray poet" Walt Whitman. Whitman is now seventy years of age—he was seventy on May 31 of the present year—and he is living in poverty and retirement at Camden, in the State of New Jersey, over against the Quaker city, Philadelphia. On reaching Camden I made inquiry of all and sundry as to which was the house of Walt Whitman, the poet. Nobody seemed to know anything either of the man or of his works. "Does he live in Mickle street?" I asked. "I don't know, but I dare say he does," was the only reply I could get. So true is it of the poet, as well as of the prophet, that he is not without honor save in his own country. However, after much fruitless search, I succeeded in finding the abode in which the poet dwells—a two-storied cottage, No. 328, in "long, unlovely" Mickle street. Armed with a letter of introduction from an intimate acquaintance and friend of Whitman, I inquired whether it would be possible for me to see him. After a brief delay I was informed that the doctor forbade too much talking and excitement, but that the poet would be glad to see me for a short space of time. I was then ushered into his bedroom, where I found him seated amid a litter of books, manuscripts, and papers. He was dressed in a loose-fitting blue serge coat, and wore the large, soft drab cloth hat with which those who are acquainted with the portrait in "Specimen Days and Collect" are familiar. His reception of me was most kind and cordial. Without any unnecessary delay, or any beating about the bush, he proceeded at once to talk with the utmost freedom and ease about himself and the world at large:

"I am still very sick," he said. "For the last twenty years I have had attacks, what I call 'whacks,' of paralysis. In all I have had six of these 'whacks;' the others have lifted off after a while, but this is the most serious and obstinate of all; it has not lifted off yet, and does not seem like as if it would lift. My first attack came upon me when I was at Washington in one of the Government offices nearly twenty years ago. By the way, few people realize how near this country was to going to the devil twenty years back. What many people call slavery, and what, I suppose, even I call slavery, found much greater favor in the North, and especially in New York, than is usually believed. There was a sort of impalpable movement, an undercurrent, a subterranean something, which militated against the rapid triumph of Lincoln. I remember hearing Lincoln himself say, with much force and emphasis, how cautious he was obliged to be, because he had to contend with an enemy at the rear as well as with the enemy in front. I was myself in favor of the Union and the war, but I had friends at the South of whom I was fond, and whom I liked very well. I went first of all from Brooklyn to Washington to nurse some of my friends. I went as a sort of amateur volunteer. We have a phrase, 'on his own hook.'

"I came originally," continued Whitman, "from Long Island. Paumanok, you know, is the old Indian name of the island. It was settled first by the Dutch, and then by the English. I was born here, at Huntingdon" (saying which Whitman drew with his stick a map of Long Island, and pointed out the relative positions of Huntingdon, Brooklyn and New York). "From Long Island I went with my parents and settled at Brooklyn. I set up a paper of my own, and afterwards contributed to a larger newspaper. Well, I continued to live there for many years; in fact, till I went to Washington at the time of the war. But I made journeys, excursions, detours. I went to New Orleans and lived there a while, and afterwards returned to Brooklyn by way of the great lakes, Michigan, Huron, Erie and the Niagara Falls. It is to the West, in the States that border, or rather edge, on the Mississippi, that the future of this country lies. The seaboard, Atlantic States retain English habits and traditions; it is at the West that the true America is to be found."

"Do not the Irish prosper when they come to the new country?"

"Yes," said Whitman, "that is so, especially in the matter of politics. Politics," he continued, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "politics in this country means getting anything from one to ten thousand a year, so that there is plenty of scope for the Irishman here. Politics with us, the same as with you, is in a very mixed and chaotic condition just now, but no doubt good will issue out of all this agitation and discussion and simmering of thought. With us the mugwump is the most promising element in politics, but it is afraid to speak out its whole mind quite fearlessly on all public questions. Many people are afraid of the newspapers. Still, as I said, the mugwump element is the best we have got."

A Journey Ahead.

Caller (to Bobby, whose little sister died the night before)—And so your little sister is dead, Bobby!

Bobby—Yes, ma'am.

Caller—And already in Heaven!

Bobby—Oh, no; she doesn't start till to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock.

Acknowledging the Compliment.

The Drill Sergeant (after worrying Nesbitt for two hours)—Right-about face!

Nesbitt (perfectly immovable)—Thank the Lord I'm right about something at last.

A Valid Excuse.

Floor Manager—Whad's yo' pardner a-sulkin' fer?

Leader of the Band—Sulkin'? I-reck'n yo'd sulk ef you 'd swalled a harmonicum!

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32 PACKAGES 32

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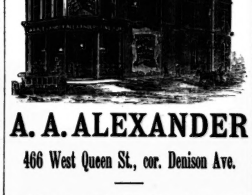

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DRESSMAKING AN ART WITH US

Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

who was At Home to her friends last Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Osler had also sent out many invitations, and her pretty house on Avenue street was pleasantly thronged. Many people who put in an appearance here afterward bent their steps to Church street and, *vice versa*, many came from Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Osler.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Carlton have left town, and are now on their way to Vancouver and Japan.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Penney and Mr. and Mrs. Shelton Brown of Lincoln, England, were in town this week, and are among the many English visitors who have made friends in Toronto during the past few weeks.

•

Miss Hamilton, the daughter of Bishop Hamilton of Hamilton (there is an unavoidable monotony about this description), is staying with friends in town.

•

Sir William Young of London, was in town this week. Sir William came up to do honor to his father, Sir James Young's play, Jim the Penman, by witnessing its excellent representation at the Grand Opera House. Sir William and Lady Young have formerly been the frequent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Townsend, and must regret that the latter have changed camps to Montreal.

•

Mr. William Macpherson, Sir David's eldest son, came up from Quebec last week to bid his father and mother farewell before they start for Europe.

•

The fixtures of Mrs. Shaw, the celebrated whistler, and of Mesdames Carreno, Juch, and Hope Glen promise to be highly fashionable events.

•

The St. Andrew's ball is to be held at the Pavilion on the 30th of this month. Always popular, the presence of the Governor-General and Lady Stanley, their first appearance on a purely social occasion in Toronto, promises to make it more than usually interesting this year. The list of members of the society who form a committee for the ball is an imposing one, and their names are sufficient to guarantee the proper management of the affair.

•

SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS will make one of the handsomest and most pleasing Christmas presents of the year. Send her SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS and a year's subscription to SATURDAY NIGHT. Price SATURDAY NIGHT for one year, $2; Christmas number, 25c.

•

The Messrs. Langton of Belfast, Ireland, have been staying with their relatives in town.

•

On Tuesday evening Mr. Grant Stuart's entertainment, at the Knox Church School, drew as large an audience as the building could hold, and which included a number of smart people. Mr. Stuart seemed to me to be at his best, and from the first had his hearers in thorough accord with him. The renderings of The Charge of the Light Brigade by Mr. Stuart's clerical, Yankee, French, etc., elocutionists, completely brought down the house, and though it is not usual to encore a recitation, the audience tried their best to do it. Of the serious numbers I thought that Prince, a tale of the American war, went best. An amusing incident at the close of the proceedings was caused by Mr. Stuart's forgetfulness of an important matter. The chairman had moved a vote of thanks to the entertainer of the evening, and Mr. Stuart, in replying, said that he was "very happy to have been of some use to so deserving a charity, as——" Here he paused, he had forgotten the charity, and loudly laughed the audience. "As—the present one," he concluded, when he had racked his brain in vain.

•

H. K. Cockin's pretty descriptive poem, How the Children Saved Naumburg, will appear in SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS.

•

Mrs. McMahon, 42 Spadina avenue, has issued invitations for an At Home on December 1, from 4 to 7.

•

Cards are out for an afternoon At Home at Mrs. McNab's, 53 Beverley street, on Saturday, Nov. 24.

•

Mrs. Rutherford entertained about thirty young people to afternoon tea on Friday last to meet Miss Evelyn Campbell of the Jim the Penman troupe. Among these were the Misses Gertrude and Clara Jones, Miss and Mr. Ince, Miss Bunting, Mr. Spratt, Mr. Moffat, Mr. Stimson, the Misses Birchall, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. Ross, Mr. Bogue, the Misses Foy, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mrs. Geo. Crawford, Mr. Morrow.

•

Mrs. Prince and Miss Ross of 13 Peter street, have returned from their summer sojourn abroad.

•

The marriage of Alice, second daughter of Mr. David Walker, to Mr. Alfred Cameron, only son of Mr. Alex. Cameron of Toronto, has been arranged for Tuesday Nov. 27, at St. Andrews Church, at half-past eleven o'clock.

•

Mrs. John Heward of the Pines, Bloor street east, gave a small tea on Monday afternoon last. Mrs. Alex. Morris also entertained a small party at 401 Jarvis street the same day.

•

Mr. L. R. O'Brien, the Canadian artist, will be married this morning, (Saturday), to Mrs. Parker, a sister of Canon Dumoulin, at St. James' Cathedral.

•

Mr. Stephen Heward, second son of Mr. Stephen Heward of Peter street, arrived in Toronto last week and is staying with his family who are domiciled at the Queen's while their house is undergoing repairs. He has just finished a tour through Switzerland and other European countries.

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A very quiet wedding took place on November 13, at the residence of the bride's mother, 73 Winchester street, when Mr. C. H. Godfrey of the Western Assurance Company was married to Miss Jessie D. Arthurs, second daughter of the late Col. Arthurs. The bride wore her traveling dress, which was of gray and terra cotta, and looked charming. The bridesmaids were Miss Maud and Miss Mabel Arthurs. The groomsmen were Mr. T. J. Weir of Montreal and Master Allan Arthurs, brother of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey left by the 12.20 train for the Eastern States, where they intend spending their honeymoon, visiting New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington, returning in about two weeks' time.

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The Horticultural Gardens Pavilion presented a most animated appearance on Tuesday evening, when the Royal Grenadiers received back from the ladies of Toronto the re-decorated colors of the regiment. The soldiers looked their best in their smart uniforms, and the place was heavy with perfume, and the bright faces and costumes of the numerous ladies present. On the platform were Gen. Sir Fred. Middleton, Lieut.-Col. Otter, commandant of C Company Infantry School; Lieut.-Col. Grasett, ex-colonel of the Grenadiers; Lieut.-Col. F. C. Denison, G. G. B. G.; Lieut.-Col. Allan, Q. O. R.; Major Delamere, Q. O. R.; Surgeon Strange, C Company Infantry School; Surgeon Ryerson, Grenadiers; Surgeon Baldwin, G. G. B.G.; Capt. Bennet, Q. O. R.; Col. Dawson, Major Harrison, Major Mason, Capt. Bruce, paymaster, all of the Grenadiers; Senator Allan, Hon. G. W. Ross, Mayor Clarke. Among the ladies present were Mrs. F. W. Cumberland, Mrs. E. F. Clarke, Mrs. Worthington, Mrs. Warring Kennedy, Mrs. McLean Howard, Mrs. George Gooderham, Miss Gooderham, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. A. S. Nordheimer, Mrs. G. R. Mason, Mrs. Grasett, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Davidson, Miss Bruce Macdonald and the Misses Walker.

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At Sir Alexander and Miss Campbell's dinner party on Tuesday last at Government House there were present Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Fraser Lefroy, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Temple, Miss Fitzgibbon, Miss Crooks, Miss Grace Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. H. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. H. E. H. Vernon, Miss May Jones, Miss Small, Mr. John Small, Professor Pike, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Dawson, Miss Macarthy, Miss McInnes, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Maclennan, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Mr. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford, Mr. Henry J. Scott.

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The Dance at Deadman's Crossing, a Christmas story of life in the Rockies, by Edmund E. Sheppard, in SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS.

Personal.

Send SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS to friends abroad.

Mrs. J. A. Barnes, daughter of Dr. Riddall of Parkdale, left last week to join her husband in San Francisco.

The Misses Jewell of Charles street have returned home from their trip east, and will winter in the city.

A Humble Hero, a character sketch of a man who died, by W. C. Nichol, will be published in SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS.

The marriage of Miss Lottie Healey of Huron street to Mr. Samuel Johnston, is announced to the friends of the family for December 19th.

At a well attended meeting of the Salteros Club on Friday evening last the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: president, A. F. Dixon; secretary, G. M. Rose, jr.; treasurer, F. S. Wells; Executive Committee, G. B. Toye, B. Brown, and the above named officers. The club will hold an At Home about the 30th inst.

Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Tuesday afternoon addressed the students of the Normal School in the theater of that building. Mr. O'Hagan's subject was elocution, which he handled ably. At the close of the lecture Mr. O'Hagan gave a number of recitals from Dickens, Mark Twain, and other well-known authors, which were well received. The Minister of Education and the staff of the Normal School were present.

Frederic Bryton in Forgiven.

Next week at the Grand Opera House, Frederic Bryton, a romantic actor who comes to us with the highest recommendations from the press of the larger cities in the States, and whose picture as he appears in the first act of Forgiven when he thinks he has discovered the falseness of a pretended friend and the infidelity of his wife, appears above, will be seen for the first time in this city.

The New York *Herald* says of Forgiven: "The audience never missed an opportunity to give vent to its appreciation of the many strong scenes with which the play abounds. Indeed, so great was the applause that the principals were compelled to come before the curtain at the end of each of the acts to bow their acknowledgements." And the New York *Daily News* adds its quota of praise thus: "Forgiven is a beautifully told dramatic story of the heart, full of humanity, pathos and fun and Mr. Bryton's John Diamond is among the finest characterizations of the day." The New York *Graphic* remarks: "There is a purity in the whole conception of the play which at once wins the hearts of the audience. The details are worked out and the situations arrived at with a natural simplicity which gives a most pleasing air of originality."

•

A Christmas Turkey, the story of an ardent sportsman's Christmas hunt, by E. W. Sandys, in SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

FAIR—On November 10, at Toronto, Mrs. T. A. Fair—a daughter.

MORROW—On November 6, at Halifax, N. S., Mrs. Jas. Morrow—a daughter.

McMILLAN—On November 7, at Toronto, Mrs. A. McMillan—a son.

THORPE—On November 7, at Toronto, Mrs. Henry W. Thorpe—a son.

VAUGHAN—On October 24, at Brantford, Mrs. John J. Vaughan—a daughter.

MORRISON—On November 7, at Toronto, Mrs. H. Morrison—a son, still-born.

HOWITT—On November 11, at Stoney Creek, Mrs. F. E. Howitt—a son.

HENTSCH—On October 25, at Camberwell, S. E., London, Mrs. John Page Hentsch—a daughter.

DONEVAN—On November 10, at Gananoque, Mrs. J. Donevan—a daughter.

DENNISON—On November 11, at Portsmouth, Mrs. Jas. Dennison—a son.

McLAUGHLIN—On October 28, at Napanee, Mrs. S. McLaughlin—a daughter.

LUMBERS—On November 13, at Toronto, Mrs. John Lumbers—a son.

ARMOUR—On November 13, at Toronto, Mr. Douglas Armour—a son.

SCOTT—At St. Paul, Mrs. W. R. Scott—a son.

HENDRY—On November 5, at Parkdale, Mrs. A. Hendry—a son.

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Marriages.

BURGESS—WURSTER—On November 6, at Kleinberg, Ont., David Burgess to Charlotte Louise Wurster.

GODWIN—HURDMAN—On November 7, at Aylmer, Que., Mr. Godwin of Ottawa, to Mina Hurdman of Eardley, Que.

GAUDIN—SMITH—On November 7, at Campbellton, N.B., Wm. D. Gaudin of Escuminac, to Almira Smith of New Carlisle.

LUCAS—DEAN—On October 31, at Parkdale, E. G. Lucas of Dundalk, to Hattie A. Dean.

McKAY—EVANS—On November 9, at Toronto, W. J. McKay, B.A., of London South, to Mary E. Evans.

NICHOLS—CLEVELAND—On November 5, at New York, Stephen N. Nichols to Jennie Cleveland, both of New York.

YULE—SHAW—On October 29, Geo. W. Yule to Ida A. Shaw, both of Gananoque, Ont.

WEBBER—FINCH—On November 5, George F. Webber of Toronto, to Frankie J. Finch of Minneapolis.

BROWN—BOURNE—On October 24, at Leicester, England, James Nave Brown to Emily Bourne, late of Toronto, Canada.

DEWHIRST—SHEEN—At Montreal, Mr. Joseph Dewhirst, late of Bradford, England, to Rebecca Sheen.

LISBURNE—PROBYN—On October 24, at London, England, the Earl of Lisburne to Evelyn Probyn of Longthope, Gloucestershire, and Callingwood, Burton-on-Trent.

MILLN—HARLEY—On October 27, at Kensington, London, Eng., James Stocks Mills of Croydon, to Rosa Marion Harley of Kensington.

TAYLOR—McCABE—On November 7, at Toronto, Henry A. Taylor, West Toronto, to Ella McCabe of Tottenham.

WILSON—PATERSON—On November 8, at Toronto, John Wilson, formerly of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, to Mary Paterson.

ALLARY—STEWART—On November 6, at Carleton, N.B., Rev. E. Allaby to Eva O. Stewart.

AIKENS—CHAPMAN—On November 1, at Gananoque, Fred W. Aikens to Sarah Chapman of Gananoque.

BURLEY—FRINGLE—On November 5, W. H. Burley of Tyendinaga, to Alice Fringle of Richmond.

BEACH—JOHNSON—At Bryan, Que., George M. Beach to Elizabeth A. Johnson.

CRAWFORD—HUME—At St. Bernardino, Cal., Harry J. Crawford to Lucy Alice Hume of Marrelville, Ont.

DULMAGE—DEMORE—On November 5, at Picton, John M. Dulmage to Mrs. Celia Ann Demore, both of South Fredericksburg.

DEWITT—McDONALD—On October 11, at Wellington, Wellington Dewitta of Hallowell, to Maggie McDonald of Hillier.

LLOYD—ROGERS—On November 12, at Port Hope, C. E. Audley Lloyd to Maggie Sheafe Rogers, both of Toronto.

LUCKE—CLARK—On October 29, Richard Lucke, Napanee, to Mrs. Emma Clark, North Fredericksburg.

WALLIS—FERGUSON—On November 9, Parminter L. Wallis to Jessie Ferguson of the township of Lobo.

CLARK—SINCLAIR—On November 13, at Toronto, D. W. Clark to Grace Campbell Sinclair.

ROSEBRUGH—TAYLOR—On November 13, at Bothwell, Mr. Frank W. Rosebrugh of Toronto, to Annie Agnes Taylor.

BARKER—MALLORY—On November 14, at Toronto, Harry C. Barker to Helen Edith Mallory.

GODFREY—ARTHURS—On November 13, Chas. H. Godfrey to Jessie Denham Arthurs.

GRAY—CALDWELL—On November 7, John George Gray of Montreal, to Nellie Caldwell of Godmanchester.

STOTT—STOTT—On November 8, at Lawrence, Mass., Sewell A. Stott of Andover, Mass., to Maria M. Stott.

Deaths.

BUSH—On November 10, at Niagara Falls, John T. Bush, aged 79 years.

GRIMSHAW—On October 21, at Whiteside Cove, North Carolina, Olive D'Arci Grimshaw, aged 4 years. On November 1, Elizabeth Ann Grimshaw, aged 7 years.

GOODWIN—On November 5, at Strathroy, Ont., Susanna Victoria Goodwin.

GORDON—On November 7, at Bournemouth, Annie Gordon.

LUNNESS—On November 10, at Toronto, Mary Ethel Lunness, aged 1 year.

SUTHERLAND—On November 8, at Montreal, Richard Ramsay Sutherland, aged 78 years.

STOW—On November 5, at Hamilton, Ont., Milison Stow, aged 63 years.

VERNER—On October 27, at Sandwick, Ont., Harriet Verner, aged 81 years.

YULE—On November 9, at Whitby, Mrs. G. D. Yule.

FERGUSON—On November 10, at Eversley, John Ferguson, aged 69 years.

EDMONDSON—On November 8, at Almonte, Blair Edmondson, aged 3 years.

LOVE—On November 12, at Toronto, Elizabeth Love, aged 84 years.

BARK—On November 4, at Crescent Beach, Mass., Lizzie Bark.

HUNTER—On November 11, at Brooklyn, Mary Hunter.

ACTON—On November 2, at Gananoque, Edith Ann Stevens Acton, aged 35 years.

CAMPBELL—On November 7, at Spokane Falls, Washington Territory, Dr. Archibald Sinclair Campbell, aged 43 years.

HODGE—On November 12, at Cornwall, Ont., Janet Hodge, aged 70 years.

REA—On November 14, at Toronto, Ethel Isabelle Rea, aged nine months.

ROBINS—On November 7, at Hamilton, Ont., Sarah Elizabeth Robins, aged 22 years.

ROGERS—At Toronto, James Arthur Rogers, aged five months.

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As SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS will appear about Dec. 1, we presume we are not out of place in remarking that it will shortly be on dec.

The production of the Atradome, King street East.

Two splendid premium pictures given by SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS. The engravings will be well worth framing.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT APPLICATION will be made to the Ontario Legislature and the Dominion Parliament at the next respective sessions thereof for an Act to incorporate the East Toronto and Richmond Hill Railway Company, with full powers to construct and operate a double or single line of railway from a point on the line of the proposed extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Claremont to North Bay, or from a point on the Midland Railway of both to a point within or near the Village of Richmond Hill, thence southerly as near Yonge Street as practicable to a point within or near the City of Toronto, thence easterly and southerly to and along the valley of the Don River to the water front, thence easterly along the water front to a point at or near Victoria Park, thence northerly and westerly through or near the Villages of East Toronto and Chester to the valley of the Don and to a point in the line of the said railway, with power to make running arrangements with and crossings over other railways as may be necessary or expedient.

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DIVIDEND NO. 58

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of five per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after Saturday, the First Day of December next, at the office of the Company, Church street. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November, inclusive.

By order of the Board,

S. C. WOOD, Manager.

Toronto, 24th October, 1888.

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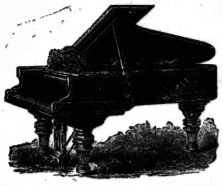

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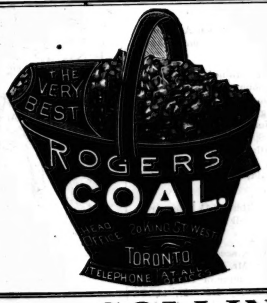

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